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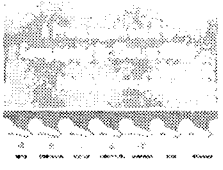

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Wall Street: The Entrepreneur's Worst Friend

by Thomas Redburn

What this country needs is a central financial marketplace (in, say, New York City), where businessmen with good ideas but no capital can sell shares of their businesses to the public. The market (let us call it a "stock exchange") would encourage the transfer of idle savings accumulated by the public into investment in the most efficient and creative new companies—and thereby provide a continual burst of energy for the economy in the form of new jobs, new techniques, new products.

The function of such a market would be so important that a sensible government would consider giving a special tax break to people who are willing to take a risk on a good new business by buying its stock issues. Since they would be helping the economy as much as themselves, investors in such new issues should have a special, low-rate tax on the income they receive from the sale of shares in a successful new business. This reward for risk-taking might be called a "capital gains tax."

If you think we already have such a market—on Wall Street—you're crazy. Or, more probably, you've been paying too much attention to Treasury Secretary William Simon, the Securities Industry Association, and others who promote the traditional mythology of Wall Street: that it is the backbone of the free enterprise system, the friend of the struggling entrepreneur, the source of new capital for new ideas, the engine of efficient economic growth.

Unfortunately, the stock market, as currently constituted, is nothing of the sort. It bears almost no resemblance to our hypothetical "stock exchange." Instead it is an overgrown, top-heavy, monopolistic old industry—dying of its own inefficiency as surely as the shoe manufacturers of New England. Rather than a source of new capital for exciting, productive new ventures, Wall Street has become a place where shares of old, already capitalized firms are traded back and forth; churning up commissions for brokers, to be sure, but doing very little for the rest of the economy. Rather than a dynamic marketplace, the New York Stock Exchange has become a multi-billion-

Thomas Redburn is a contributing editor of The Washington Monthly.

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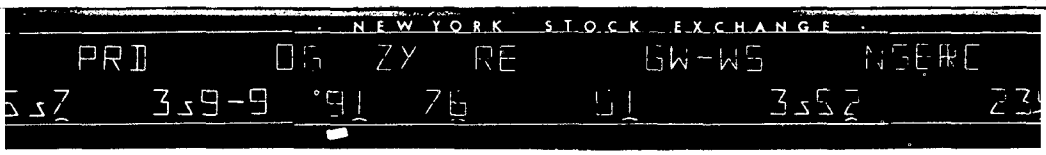
dollar paper chase, providing the well-capitalized firm with more capital than it can use profitably, while denying the undercapitalized firm the resources it needs to grow. And, rather than encouraging risk-taking, the tax break for capital gains (whereby "unearned" income from sale of stock is taxed at half the rate of "earned" income) merely encourages the paper-shuffling, commission-churning waste of the present system.

Not surprisingly, this inefficient capital market has fallen on hard times in recent years, causing the friends of Wall Street considerable distress. Bill Simon, for example, spent the best years of his life on Wall Street and would hate to see the old girl go under. Even as he was attacking a bail-out for New York City, Simon was drafting a rescue plan for Wall Street in the form of new tax breaks for stock market investors. To disguise the welfare-for-stockbrokers aspect of his proposals, Simon has referred to them as remedies for a vaguely defined "capital shortage." His first proposal, to end the "double-taxation" of dividends, was so riddled with inconsistencies (see "The Capital Crisis: Crying Wolf on Wall Street," *The Washington Monthly*, November 1975) that it was withdrawn. But in January Simon was back with a new scheme, which would offer a tax break only to those poor souls earning less than $40,000 a year. Wall Street has been in one of its manic up-phases ever since.

Brokers are certainly getting rich on the new bull market. But anyone who assumes that the economy as a whole is benefiting should think again. Businessmen who have good ideas but no capital are *not* being helped by Wall Street even in this expansive phase. This is bad for the businessmen, but more important, it is bad for the rest of us, since these smaller businesses play an important role in encouraging the innovation and competition necessary for economic growth. In developing a new technology, it is the small companies which usually lead the way. If they are successful, they become big companies. If not, they die a quiet death, and no one worries about finding a government-guaranteed loan to keep them solvent. (Xerox, Polaroid, Hewlitt-Packard, TRW, and Texas Instruments are all recent examples of companies that started small and grew fat and profitable by developing a useful product or service.)

Wall Street should be helping along a new generation of innovators, but interviews with several businessmen suggest that it isn't doing the job. Take Bill Dell, head of the Combustion Power Company. He had a good, socially useful product: research and development of pollution control equipment. He went into business in 1969, and he wanted to make it on his own as an independent businessman.



But after several years of attempting, and failing, to raise sufficient capital, he found that the only way he could keep his company afloat was to sell it to a capital-rich conglomerate. So the Combustion Power Company is now a division of Weyerhauser, a huge lumber combine.

"There aren't that many choices for a relatively new company looking for capital," says Dell. "Once you get past the first stage of raising money from friends and relatives, it gets pretty tough. We needed a couple million dollars if we were going to get off the ground." In 1970, Dell explored the possibility of going public, but after a sudden downturn in the market, brokers refused to handle the

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issue. The alternatives were pretty stark. "The big debate on our board was whether to find some industrial corporation that would buy a substantial share or whether to go the venture capital route."

The "venture capital route" isn't as smooth (or as likely to maintain a firm's independence) as it sounds. Dell explains the psychology of some venture capital groups that are designed to invest in young, promising companies. "Their goal is to double their money in five years or so. They're always happy to talk to a company that has an explosive growth potential. On the other hand, a good solid company that needs some money to produce an important product, but can't promise to be the next Xerox, is in real trouble.

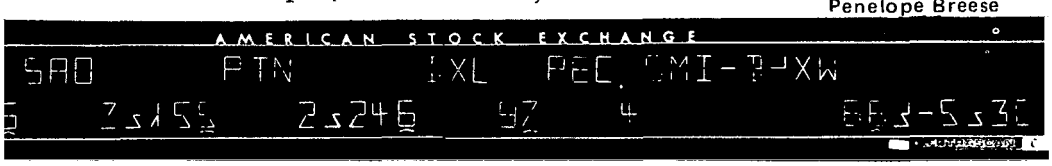
"Even worse—all these venture groups talk to each other. It's a pretty close-knit fraternity and they always want to bring their friends in on a deal. All the groups want representatives on the board of directors, and you end up with a board heavily skewed toward financial people. And they also want preferred stock, giving them a position over and above the original investors in the company.

"But there isn't much choice. We raised $1.75 million that way. Two years went by and our backers started getting anxious to see some real money. You see, once you accept these venture capital groups, you are pretty much committing yourself to sell out to a big company so that the investors can get some liquid assets, money they can spend. If we could have gone public back in 1970, the original investors would have been in a position to become liquid; but when you can't sell new issues, there isn't any other route but to sell out to a big company."

What about the new company that isn't willing to sell out, one which was founded by people who were sick of working for a giant corporation? One such company is Solarex, which is in the business of making solar cells to produce electricity. The founder of the company, Joseph Lindmeyer, worked at COMSAT as director of the physics lab. He was involved in developing solar cell technology there but felt that the best way to reduce the cost and advance the technology would be to form his own company.

Solarex hasn't had much trouble raising sufficient capital—yet—but Anthony Clifford, their financial officer, talks about some of the problems a company like Solarex faces in finding capital with which to grow: "A company like ours has to maintain a strong growth record. And the more you grow, the more difficult it is to find the capital to sustain that growth. So far we've been able to raise enough money from private investors, but we've now reached the stage where we need to find people willing to invest $200,000.

Penelope Breese



"We've talked to brokerage houses about going public, and we probably could find a local exchange, but that tags you as a Mom-and-Pop operation. To raise money on a major exchange the brokerage houses expect you to capitalize at least $5 million or it isn't worth their trouble; they need at least that much just to grease the wheels so that their seven to ten per cent amounts to something. If you are a company stuck somewhere between $1 million and $5 million, it's difficult, very difficult, to find money."

Unless the new bull market lasts for several years, the situation isn't likely to change, for the dilemma that haunts the entrepreneur is that new issues are the last to benefit from a

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favorable market. By far the greater part of the exchange business is now in second-hand dealing in paper representing finance that was invested long ago. In effect, the market is operating on a trickle-down theory. The institutional investors that dominate the market invest nearly totally in a relative handful of glamorous blue-chip stocks, like IBM. Only when the market enters a wild, speculative period does money flow to less secure investments—the kind that attract the gamier instincts of individual investors. The result is that the companies with proven track records absorb most of the investment money. The companies just entering the market depend almost exclusively on speculative booms.

Such a pattern, of course, has a great deal of logic behind it. New ventures are inherently risky investments—many of them fail, and it is usually the individual investor, the little guy, encouraged by the brokers to purchase overpriced growth stocks late in a bull market, who takes a bath.

Our tax system ought to reflect this principle: *he who takes the risk should get the reward.* By applying it to the capital gains tax, the government could go a long way toward making the stock market actually serve the function which its apologists claim for it. We should remove the capital gains tax break for normal trading of stock, but retain it *exclusively* for new ventures. The income from normal trading of stocks—the paper chase—is usually low-risk, and there is no reason why it should be given preferred treatment over "earned" income from wages and salaries. But investment in new issues is *high*-risk, and it would be equitable to offset this risk by a tax benefit. Investors would be rewarded for contributing to true investment instead of for investing in second-hand stocks.

At the very least, such a system would encourage more new issues and stimulate entrepreneurship. But it is important to anticipate some of the ways by which it could be manipulated. Generally the first buyers of new issues are the professional traders, who acquire them in the hope of making a quick and substantial profit on the resale. In many cases these stocks are then sold to individual investors, who assume the primary burden of risk. So a tax incentive for only the original purchasers might be just as unfair as the present pattern. New issues are also dependent on an orderly market for the resale of stocks. If you are unable to find buyers for your original purchase, you are unlikely to invest in new issues, regardless of the tax incentive. Thus, a reformed capital gains tax would require a healthy national stock exchange with continued trading in established stocks.

It isn't that money shouldn't be invested in large corporations—they do occupy a central place in the economy and deserve a fair share of the capital wealth of the nation. But they are capable of generating capital from their own retained profits, from bonds and from government financing in the form of guaranteed loans and defense contracts. Yet huge sums are tied up in speculating about tenths of percents in the quarterly earnings reports of these giant corporations, while the Edisons, Bells, and Fords of the future struggle along without adequate capital to turn their ideas into salable products. These entrepreneurs don't have enough retained profits to invest, they can't sell bonds, and won't get government handouts. They have no place to turn if the stock market is closed to them.

By encouraging investment in new issues, a reformed capital gains tax might solve that paradoxical problem of the 1970s: how to pry capitalism loose from the deadly embrace of Wall Street. ■

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Memo of the Month

MEMORANDUM

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
SOCIAL AND REHABILITATION SERVICE

TO SRS Executive Staff
SRS Regional Commissioners

DATE: May 3, 1972

FROM : Associate Administrator for
Planning, Research and Training

SUBJECT: Addition of Gypsies to the SRS Minority Studies Program

Dick Grant, Commissioner for SRS, Region X, has taken the initiative in developing a good working relationship with the Gypsy community in the Northwest. Working with the King of the Gypsies in the Northwest and a VR agency, he has utilized his allocation of regional R&D funds in the R&D strategy to support an important effort to aid the Gypsies.

There are reported to be 500,000 gypsies in the United States and we would like to help them gain access to social and rehabilitation services for which they qualify. I have talked with Pete Page and with Dick Grant and they have agreed that we should assign Region X the SRS responsibility for developing a coordinated Gypsy effort on a national basis, over the long run, in a manner similar to what we have done with the other minority groups. Region X will provide us with relevant materials from the Gypsy study so that we can all gain from this effort.

Corinne Wolfe will be the SRS Minority Studies Program central office point of contact for Gypsy studies. Each regional office is requested to designate a point of contact for Gypsy studies and send the name of your designee to Dick Grant and Corinne Wolfe.

Richard M. Longmire

cc: B. Bell
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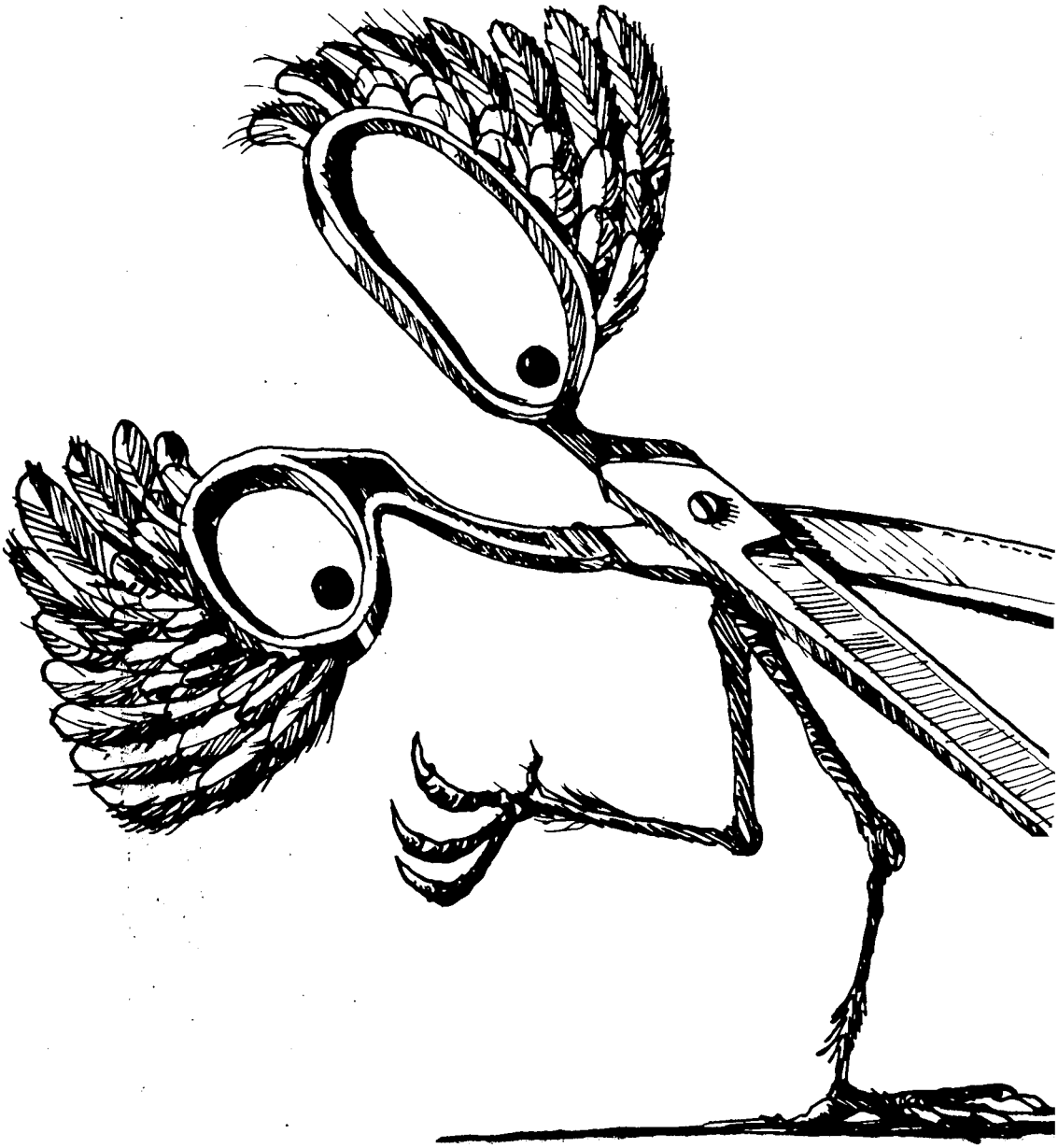

by Charles Peters

Since parsimony is becoming almost as fashionable among politicians today as patriotism was in the 1940s, a wave of budget-cutting seems likely at all levels of government. The results could be salutary, but might be disastrous. To avoid the latter possibility, it is essential to understand how the Clever Bureaucrat reacts to the threat of fiscal deprivation.

The very first thing C. B. does, when threatened with a budget reduction, is to translate it into specific bad news for congressmen powerful enough to restore his budget to its usual plenitude.

Thus Amtrak, recently threatened with a budget cut, immediately announced, according to Stephen Aug of *The Washington Star*, that it would be compelled to drop the following routes:

San Francisco-Bakersfield, running through Stockton, the home town of

Charles Peters is editor-in-chief of The Washington Monthly.

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Firemen First
or How to Beat a Budget Cut

Rep. John J. McFall, chairman of the House Appropriations transportation subcommittee.

St. Louis-Laredo, running through Little Rock, Arkansas, the home of Senator John McClellan, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee.

Chicago-Seattle, running through the homes of Senator Mike Mansfield, Senate Majority Leader, and Senator Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee.

And in a triumphant stroke that netted four birds with one roadbed, Norfolk-Chicago, running through the home states of Senator Birch Bayh, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Transportation subcommittee, Senator Vance Hartke, chairman of the Commerce Surface Transportation Subcommittee, Rep. Harley Staggers, chairman of the House Commerce Committee, and Senator Robert Byrd, Senate Majority Whip.

The effectiveness of this device is suggested by a story that appeared in the *Charleston* (West Virginia) *Gazette*

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a few days after Amtrak's announcement:

Continued
Rail Service
Byrd's Aim

"Senator Robert C. Byrd, D-WVa, has announced that he intends to make an effort today to assure continued rail passenger service for West Virginia.

"Byrd, a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee, said he will 'either introduce an amendment providing sufficient funds to continue the West Virginia route or try to get language adopted which would guarantee funding for the route for Amtrak.' "

In the Amtrak case, C.B.'s budget-cutting enemy was President Ford. Sometimes it is a frugal superior in his own department. C. B.'s initial response is much the same. If, for example, a Secretary of Defense from Massachusetts insists upon eliminating useless and outmoded bases, the Navy's C. B. will promptly respond with a list of recommended base-closings, led by the Boston Navy Yard.

Another Bay of Pigs

An irate constituency is, of course, a threat to all elected officials and to every other official who dreams of converting his appointive status into one blessed by the voting public. Even a small irritation can suffice. Thus, Mike Causey of *The Washington Post* tells of a National Park Service C. B. who, confronted with a budget cut, quickly restored congressmen to their senses by eliminating elevator service to the top of the Washington Monument. Every constituent whose children insisted on his walking all the way up was sure to place an outraged call to his congressman's office. Similarly, a Social Security Administration C. B. faced with a budget cut is certain to announce that the result will be substantial delays in the mailing of social security checks.

Whenever possible, a C. B. will assert that the budget cut is certain to result in the loss of jobs. The threatened employees are sure to write emotional protests to their congressmen. And, as the National Rifle Association has proven, even a tiny minority, if sufficiently vigorous in its expression of opinion—vigorous meaning that they make clear they will vote against you if you fail to help them—can move a legislator to take the desired action in the absence of an equally energetic lobby on the other side.

C. B.'s concern about loss of others' jobs is a deeply personal one. He knows you can't be a commander unless you have troops to command.

Not long ago Jack Anderson discovered that the Navy, trying to adjust to less money than it had requested, was depriving the fleet of essential maintenance, while continuing to waste billions on useless supercarriers and transforming small Polaris submarines into giant Tridents. The reason of course is that the more big ships with big crews we have, the more admirals we need. Rank in the civil service is also determined in part by the number of employees one supervises. Thus a threat to reduce the number of one's employees is a threat not merely to one's ego but to one's income as well.

In its first flush of victory after the 1960 election, the Kennedy Administration embarked on two ill-fated missions. One was the Bay of Pigs. The other was an effort to fire 150 AID employees, all of whom wrote their congressman, as did their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and in all probability their creditors and the creditors' relatives. The 150 were, of course, reinstated. If a Jimmy Carter or Ronald Reagan does become President, he might also ponder the lesson of Gail Parker, who found that to keep Bennington College afloat she would have to deprive teachers of tenure and rehire them each year on the basis of their merit and of what the college could afford. The threatened faculty stirred up such a storm

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that the Board of Trustees, which had originally backed Gail Parker, deserted her and she had to resign.

The tenured employee can even go to court. A recent decision by the U. S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia held that a college that fires a tenured professor because too few students are taking his course to pay for it must find another job for the professor, even if it requires dismissing other more competent but untenured professors.

Firemen First

On the other hand, there are the teachers we don't want to fire—those in the public schools, for example, where teacher-pupil ratios of 1 to 40 are common. These are the ones C.B. always says he will have to fire when he is menaced with a budget cut. This tactic is based on the principle that the public will support C. B.'s valiant fight against the budget reduction only if essential services are endangered. Thus, C. B. always picks on teachers, policemen, firemen first. In the headquarters bureaucracies of the New York City and the Washington, D. C. school systems there are concentrated some of the most prodigious, do-nothing, time-servers of the modern era. No administrator threatens to fire them. If they are "the fat," and if he is to fight the budget cut, it would of course damage his cause to admit their existence. He must concentrate on threatening a loss of muscle.

Similarly, the Army, when faced with a budget cut, never points the finger at desk-bound lieutenant colonels. The victims are invariably combat troops. This is particularly unfortunate, since in government, as in human beings, fat tends to concentrate at the middle levels, where planning analysts and deputy assistant administrators spend their days attending meetings, writing memoranda, and reading newspapers.

Sometimes, however, the C.B. will be deliberately non-specific about the jobs that might be cut. When the City Council of the District of Columbia recently proposed a $67.2-million cut in the city's budget, Mayor Washington responded with an announcement that he would have to fire 4,000 city employees, but with no indication of exactly where the axe would fall. This tactic is designed to arouse all city employees who don't want to be among the 4,000—which of course means *all* city employees—to write the City Council protesting the outrageous cuts.

Another approach, which might be called "How Can You Guys Be Such Scrooges," was tried on the Council by Joseph Yeldell, the director of the city's Human Resources Administration, who proclaimed that yes, he knew exactly what the budget cut would do to his department, it would mean the cancellation of the foster parents program for 2,000 orphans.

But such appeals are guaranteed to work only during the Christmas season. The more reliable year-round tactic is to threaten the loss of essential services that affect almost all voters.

John Lindsay was a master of this technique. Confronted, for example, with a 1971-72 budget of only $8.6 billion, he said he would have to fire 10,000 policemen, 2,500 firemen, 3,600 garbage workers, 12,000 hospital workers, and 10,800 teachers.

In the end, he didn't have to fire anyone. Abe Beame was not so lucky. He threatened to fire 67,000 similarly essential employees, and—when the bastards actually cut his budget—found that he really had to drop 35,000.

There's the rub. If we really cut the budget of the C. B. who has bluffed by saying that he will have to fire essential employees, he may—to preserve his credibility—actually have to fire them, instead of the middle-level newspaper-readers who are the real fat. We could end up with a government of planning analysts, friends of congressmen, and trains running to Bakersfield via Stockton. ■

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The Texas Airline War

by George Hopkins

Adam Smith would have loved the Texas Airline War. Ever since Southwest Airlines, a sleek, aggressive unregulated carrier, entered the local air transport market, life has been miserable for the regulated fat-cat airlines and delightful for most Texas airline consumers.

In 1971, Southwest began serving the heavily traveled Dallas-Houston-San Antonio triangle with a small fleet of new red and gold Boeing 737s. Unlike its competitors, Braniff and Texas International, Southwest was flying *only* this intrastate route and was thus exempt from the Civil Aeronautics Board fare regulations which apply to interstate carriers like Braniff and TIA. The unregulated new entrant immediately began cutting prices—to as low as half of what the other two airlines were charging.

Southwest could offer such cheap service for a number of reasons, which apply equally to other unregulated intrastate airlines, like Pacific Southwest in California. In the first place, the intrastates usually provide service only between cities where there is high traffic, and therefore high "load factors," such as Dallas and Houston or San Francisco and Los Angeles. Profitable routes like these are awarded to interstate carriers, too, but for every profitable Dallas-to-Houston run which the CAB gives to Braniff, there is another route with lower density and lower profit that Braniff must agree to fly. Losses on the uneconomical routes are made up with high fares (approved by the CAB) on the big-city commuter runs. The whole system works tolerably well for the airlines—until an unregulated intrastate carrier (which doesn't need to make up losses on CAB-mandated, uneconomical routes) enters the market.

Other factors favor the intrastates.

George Hopkins teaches history at Western Illinois University and writes often about aviation.

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The commuter traffic they fly does not result in the passenger imbalance—more people going one way than there are coming back—which for most airlines requires costly ferrying of aircraft. Moreover, the uniform commuter traffic means that the intrastate carrier's airplanes can be standardized. All airplanes can be of the same type, which results in considerable savings. Finally, because they are small, the intrastates often can offer more attentive and reliable service, in addition to their low fares. Even the high-priced advertising campaigns of the giants—with their talk about "friendly skies" and their airplanes painted by famous artists—cannot entirely assuage the irritation caused by high fares, bad schedules, delays, and lost baggage.

What's been happening in the unfriendly skies of Texas has obvious relevance for the debate on deregulation which has been going on in Washington. Citing the possibility of reducing airline fares by up to 40 per cent, the President has called for deregulation of domestic airlines through drastic curbs on the CAB's "long years of excessive regulation." The regulated airlines can't have been suffering too much under the shackles of government bureaucracy, for they have denounced the Ford deregulation proposal. "Misconceived, disruptive, and confusing," said the Air Transport Association (the industry's lobby), and a number of presidents warned against "tampering" with the system. As is usually the case in such matters, no one seemed to have a very clear idea what costs and benefits economic competition had wrought in Texas.

Guerrilla of the Airways

You can fly from Dallas to Houston for a mere $15 nowadays. Back in 1970 it cost twice as much—but that was before Southwest began operating. Braniff and TIA charge $30 to haul people from Dallas to Austin, which is half as far as Houston. But then Southwest doesn't fly to Austin. It does fly *over* Austin enroute to San Antonio, for which it charges (at certain times of the day), the same old $15 fare.

Aviation people love to talk about the Texas Airline War—a mixture of advertising blitzes, gimmicky promotional ventures, leggy hostesses, and an endless run of lawsuits. There has been nothing like it since the days when Ford and Fokker trimotors bearing such names as Maddux Airlines, Varney Speedways, and Southwest Air Fast Express (S.A.F.E.—get it?) competed for the loyalty of the few hardy souls willing to fly. While there was an element of improvisation in these early, pioneering airline experiments, there is nothing improvised or haphazard about Southwest Airlines—it is a slick operation, well conceived, lavishly financed, and expertly managed. Despite its image as a kind of merry guerrilla of the airways, playing Snoopy to Braniff's Red Baron, Southwest is hardly your average "little guy" waging hopeless but valiant battle against soulless corporate giants. Unless, that is, you consider "little guys" such folks as George Brown (the Houston construction magnate and former LBJ bankroller), the Murchisons, and Texas governor Dolph Briscoe, all early financial backers of Southwest.

Southwest's president is a genial, fiftyish, chain-smoker named M. Lamar Muse. He is articulate, direct, witty, and he looks like a down-home Cary Grant, self-assuredly sporting the kind of go-to-hell mustache it used to take courage to wear in Texas. Because he lacks a college degree and speaks countrified Texas English, Muse never rose very high during the 20 years he worked for a number of airlines, including American. The major "trunk" airlines are image conscious—they prefer Southern California smoothies like Dwight Chapin, the former Nixon appointments secretary, who went to work for United Air Lines after leaving the White House (and before his Watergate conviction). The Texas establishment has

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never cared much about surface polish, however (indeed some wealthy oilmen seem to prefer the other extreme), and Muse's rough edges were easily outweighed by his practical experience with airline operations. When he was offered the chance to oversee the creation of a new airline in 1971, Muse jumped at it, partly to show his old employers they had been wrong.

Political Fuel

Southwest Airlines was actually the brain child of a transplanted Ohioan named Rollin W. King, who came to Texas in the late 1950s to use his B.S. degree in finance. King is in some ways a throwback to the dawn of aviation, for he loves to fly. As a kid he hung around airfields, got his license early, and made flying a full-time hobby after he settled in San Antonio to work as an investment analyst. An opportunity to turn his hobby into an occupation came in the early 1960s, when he bought out a financially troubled "third-level" carrier which served such metropolises as Marfa, Alpine, and Junction on a more or less regular basis with small twin-engine aircraft.

His experience with the small airline convinced King that there was no future in it, so he converted it into a charter service and started studying the possibility of a Pacific Southwest-type operation between Dallas and Houston, using second-hand Lockheed Electra prop-jets. King came to the conclusion that he would need powerful friends, for his potential competitors, Braniff and TIA, had deep roots in the Texas establishment.

Then fate smiled—Rollin King landed a job as Waggoner Carr's campaign pilot during his ill-fated run for John Tower's Senate seat in 1966. Carr lost, but King came up a winner, for his association with Carr helped to open doors which ultimately made possible his dream of starting a real airline. From his foray into Texas politics flowed contacts with such powerful Connally barons as Herbert D. Kelleher, the San Antonio lawyer who has brilliantly guided Southwest through its multifarious legal battles, and Robert Strauss, Connally's appointee to the State Banking Board before he went on to greater things as Democratic National Chairman. These men in turn opened doors to the likes of George Brown of Houston's mammoth Brown and Root Construction firm, and John Murchison of the Dallas-based Murchison Brothers. As one observer put it when plans for Southwest Airlines began firming up: "It's no wonder that Southwest Airlines thinks it can offer cheaper service than anyone else. It won't use aviation fuel—just political power."

Everyone in the Texas air transport business has political influence, but King also had business acumen. A preliminary study he had commissioned indicated that there was enormous profit potential in a commuter airline connecting Texas' three largest metropolitan areas—Dallas, Houston, and San Antonio. These cities contained in excess of five million people, with rapidly growing economies of staggering potential. Yet the growth rate in air travel lagged substantially behind the national average. King argued that this was because Braniff and TIA offered inferior, indifferent service, and that the protected position they enjoyed in these markets had made their managements complacent and unimaginative. His proposed commuter airline would compete with the bus lines, attracting whole new classes of airline passengers, including blacks and Mexican-Americans, who rarely patronized airlines. He would also introduce streamlined "cash register" ticketing, which would appeal to businessmen put off by the ticketing delays involved in dealing with airlines specializing in long-haul flights.

King struck a sympathetic chord, for his listeners knew that Braniff and TIA had a poor public image with many commuters, largely owing to lackadaisical "on time" performance

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and frequent cancellations. Indeed, during 1967 Braniff cancelled 471 flights altogether, and was late on 2,477 others (thus earning the unhappy nickname "World's Largest Unscheduled Airline" among many travel-wise patrons). In relative terms, TIA's record was even more appalling—189 cancelled and 844 late. Together, the two airlines either cancelled or were late on over 30 per cent of their scheduled flights.

'Love Stamps'

Some powerful people bought King's idea, and with their backing he moved to obtain approval for the airline from the Texas Aeronautics Commission (TAC), which has the power to issue state "certificates of public convenience and necessity." He would not get it without a fight however, for when the hearing convened before the TAC in early 1968, Continental Airlines as well as Braniff and TIA showed up with some very high-powered lawyers to argue against Southwest's application. A majority of the six TAC members were Connally appointees; needless to say, the opposition's hired legal gunslingers all had lines of power into the Connally camp. The opening round went to Southwest; the TAC ruled unanimously in its favor, dismissing the opposition's argument that there was simply no need for the service Southwest proposed. Braniff and Texas International appealed TAC's decision to the courts, taking the case all the way to the Supreme Court, where it was finally dismissed.

In the meantime, Lamar Muse took charge, displacing Rollin King. Big money was at stake and it was no game for novices. As consolation, King became executive vice president and chief pilot—which meant he would fly the airline's Boeing 737s regularly.

Southwest made its maiden flight on June 18, 1971, and the War shifted into high gear, this time in full public view. Braniff and TIA promptly cut their fares to match Southwest's. Southwest countered with the kind of lavish personal attention to passengers that had lately fallen out of fashion. It began with curvaceous, mini-skirted reservationists dispensing tickets from cash registers (called "love machines") with a wink and a reminder that it was "A Fare to Remember." Once airborne, Southwest's hostesses shed their micro-mini-skirts in favor of tangerine hot pants and side-laced go-go boots. Passengers occasionally got "love stamps" from the hostesses, good for a free mixed drink on any subsequent flight, and for awhile everyone got a $5 ticket good at swanky Houston and Dallas nightclubs. "Love" became Southwest's recurrent advertising theme, a deliberate play on the name of its airfield in Dallas—Love Field.

Thrift and Sex Appeal

Fortune, if not profits, smiled on Southwest almost from the beginning, for the severe slump of 1970-71 in the airline industry worked to its advantage, allowing it to draw from a large pool of experienced but laid-off pilots and mechanics. Any thoughts Braniff and TIA might have had about citing the "safety factor" against Southwest were quickly deterred. The director of flight, for instance, was Donald W. Ogden, who had just retired from American Airlines after a distinguished 35-year career. The pilots and mechanics all got the best training available, under contract from United Air Lines, to the tune of $265,000 for a five-week course for the pilots alone. The aircraft were spanking new, designed to domestic airline specifications but unclaimed owing to the general airline slump. So anxious was Boeing to sell its aircraft that it financed them itself on exceptionally favorable terms. Thus was Southwest relieved of the public relations image problem which second-hand airplanes would have caused.

Building its whole pitch around the twin themes of thrift and sex appeal,

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Southwest did remarkably well in its first 18 months of operation, losing only $5 million. In expectation of early losses, Southwest began operations with a cool $6 million in cash on hand. Chances were its hourly flights would soon attract the 40 passengers which was the "break-even" point on the 112 seat Boeing 737.

Chivas Regal Campaign

Then the Red Baron struck! With dramatic suddenness, early in 1973, Braniff unleashed the $13 War, offering non-stop service from Dallas to Houston's Hobby airport on Boeing 720s. Even full, these flights could not possibly make a profit at that fare. Braniff insisted that it was merely letting folks "get acquainted" with its Hobby Airport service and was willing to eat its losses for a limited period. Like Love Field in Dallas, Hobby was close to the center of town compared to Houston's Intercontinental Airport, and thus more attractive to commuters. The fare was potentially ruinous to Southwest, which had raised its prices slightly and by the end of 1972 was showing signs of edging into the black. Braniff's $13 fare, if continued long enough, would drive Southwest hopelessly into the red.

Southwest's management decided it had no choice except to meet Braniff's price—but with a twist. Early in February 1973, splashy full page ads in Dallas newspapers declared: "Nobody's going to shoot Southwest Airlines out of the sky for a lousy $13." The price was "insane," Muse told the press, "but if they fly 'em free, we'll fly 'em free." If customers asked for it, Southwest would fly them for $13. If they paid the full $26 fare, however, Southwest offered them a gift—a bottle of Chivas Regal scotch, or an equivalent present worth about $13.

It was the perfect gimmick. Among Texas' upwardly mobile population, Chivas Regal had just the proper touch of class. Besides, most of them were traveling on expense accounts. They let their company pay the fare and kept the bottle of scotch for themselves. Southwest knew its market—on some flights 95 per cent of the passengers chose the scotch option. "We're not going to start giving away liquor," a Braniff spokesman responded sourly. "We're an airline, not a saloon." Upon sober reflection however, both Braniff and TIA officials admitted that Southwest was doing a good job.

The Chivas Regal campaign was a perfect reflection of Southwest's guerrilla action against the CAB carriers. Whether offering reduced fares on certain flights, or $1.05 in change for a dollar (to counter the new Dallas/Fort Worth Airport's change machines, which return only 95 cents for $1.00), Southwest had proven itself quick, flexible, and innovative. Much of Southwest's share of the market had come from new passengers, and the spur of competition forced Braniff and TIA into more aggressive marketing of their services, thus stimulating overall growth. "We haven't hurt them one bit," Muse contends, "It's D/FW that's killing them."

The Airport Location

The new Dallas/Fort Worth Airport (D/FW), spreading over the vast north Texas plains like some phantom out of the movie *2001*, is in reality the child of a shotgun wedding imposed by the CAB. In the early 1960s, the CAB decreed that Dallas and Fort Worth, which lie only 31 air miles apart, must combine their scheduled airline operations. After a good deal of controversy they settled on a site near Grapevine, which more or less split the distance between them. Aside from the normal snafus one might expect from opening a giant facility like D/FW, it suffers from the fact that it is a long way from either city center. While this problem is bearable when traveling to Los Angeles or New York, it is a great annoyance for the intrastate commuter, who could save

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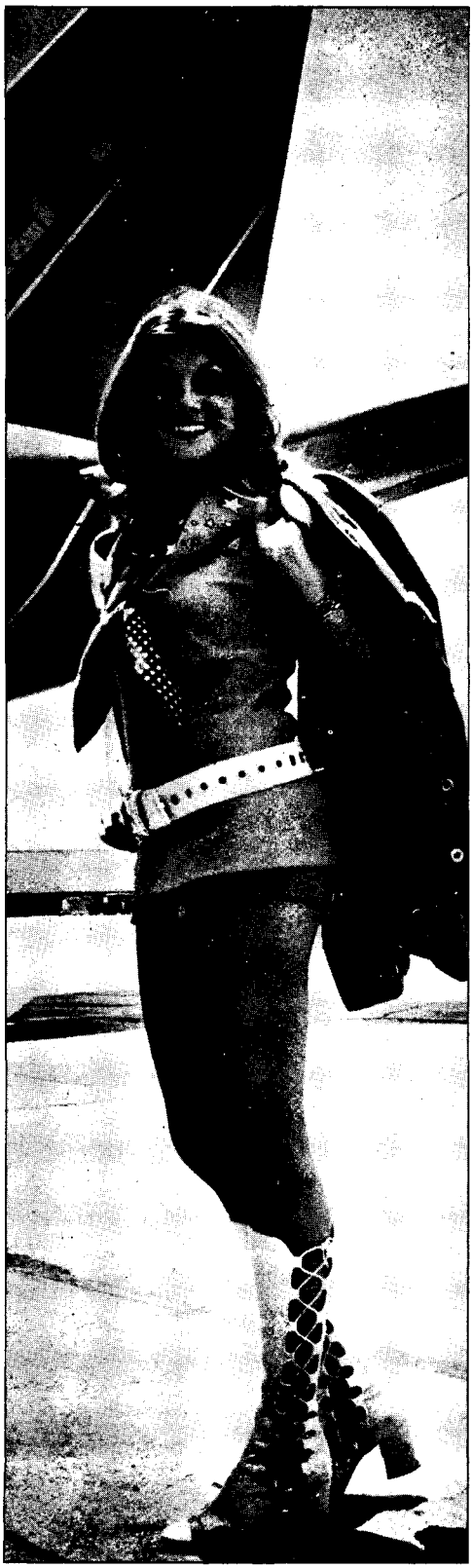

time and trouble by using the old centrally located airports, Meacham and Love Fields. D/FW planners recognized this problem and secured prior agreement from all the airlines to abandon their Love and Meacham operations in favor of D/FW exclusively. That was in 1970—the year before Southwest's operational debut.

Southwest has steadfastly refused to commit itself to D/FW, preferring to maintain its operations at Love and serve Houston's close-in Hobby Airport to boot. Its success has confirmed the industry's suspicion that short-haul commuters much prefer the older airport—Midway rather than O'Hare in Chicago, National rather than Dulles in Washington. Southwest wasn't about to abandon Love Field without a fight, and it has managed to stay there, despite a round of legal battles against the D/FW authorities and the City of Dallas. Fearing that Southwest's continued operation at Love may jeopardize the success of D/FW, Dallas' city fathers have actually considered closing Love Field altogether. The courts have ruled that for as long as it is open, Southwest may stay.

Southwest is now carrying 70 per cent of all the passengers flown in the Texas Triangle. In addition, it has expanded into the secondary market of the lower Rio Grande valley, offering the only direct service into the area from San Antonio. Southwest also flies people from the valley to Houston for less than Greyhound charges. The familiar pattern has repeated itself, for after Southwest began offering low-cost service, the number of passengers to the valley increased dramatically.

'Controlled Competition'

Why can't the CAB carriers compete successfully with the intrastate airlines? Actually they say they can, but not while simultaneously serving unprofitable routes. But Gerald Ford disagrees, as do a good many experts outside the airline industry, including

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the Brookings Institution. Our federally regulated and subsidized system of air transportation is complex and defies every free enterprise shibboleth. It is a murky species of economic activity called "controlled competition," which means that real competition is pretty much limited to hostess costumes, personal services, and advertising.

Basically the system operates this way. The CAB issues "certificates" to carriers permitting them to fly interstate passengers on the basis of "need"—the public's need, not the airlines'—and it is notoriously stingy with these certificates. The CAB also tells the airlines where they can fly, when, and how much they can charge for doing it. Theoretically, the CAB determines the need of "city pairs" for service, figures out what the traffic should be, and then lets the airlines start flying. If an airline loses money, the CAB has the option of either paying it a subsidy (to bring it up to its 12-percent "return requirement") or giving it additional, more profitable routes so that it can make up losses elsewhere. Naturally, the subsidy bogy being what it is, the CAB prefers to give an airline plenty of profitable routes so that it will earn enough money to overcome any losses it might sustain serving unprofitable "city pairs."

A Poor Return on His Subsidy

This form of "controlled competition" works reasonably well for large airlines with extensive interstate route structures. Even Braniff, which has a relatively weak route structure, serving only some 30 cities, can absorb losses from unprofitable routes. Southwest's competition has reduced Braniff's overall profitability, since nearly half of Braniff's passengers are either coming from or going to the Texas Triangle, and nearly 20 per cent are carried between two of its cities. But Southwest won't bankrupt Braniff.

Southwest just might destroy TIA, however. The "regionals," which the CAB created shortly after World War II to serve as feeders for the trunk airlines, have been consistent money losers. Since they lack extensive penetration in profitable "city pair" markets, the regionals have always been heavily dependent on federal subsidies. TIA has lost $20 million since 1966, and about the only thing it has going for it is a monopoly of service from the Gladewaters, Harlingens, and McAllens to the Texas Triangle. But Southwest is cutting into that market with its lower Rio Grande valley service, and Muse is considering expanding into TIA's other CAB-protected markets.

If Southwest can serve these feeder routes profitably, why can't the interstate airlines do the same thing? The CAB paid TIA $560,000 to subsidize service to the lower Rio Grande valley as recently as 1973. As a TIA executive (who refuses to be identified) put it: "Southwest is a damn good airline, lean, and hungry. We're not. The best thing they've got going for them is Lamar Muse—the guy comes on like a hick, but he never misses a trick."

Gerald Ford is quite right when he says "for many Americans the cost of air travel has become a luxury too expensive to afford." His solution is to open things up for new interstate carriers modeled on Southwest Airlines. Has the Texas Airline War proven him right? Or will free enterprise lead to the destruction of an integrated passenger system? Carried to its logical extreme, the CAB carriers argue a "purely economic" route structure will make airline service resemble train service—scrambled, irrational, effective only between major markets, and sometimes not even then.

Many experts think not. They argue that the taxpayer is getting a very poor return for his subsidies, particularly where "regional" airlines like TIA are concerned, and that deregulation in certain markets could hardly make things worse. Critics believe that the regionals have invested too heavily

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in jets (largely for reasons of prestige), and that lighter, propeller-driven aircraft (which the "third level" commuter lines have used effectively), would save everybody money and probably lead to an improvement in service. They also believe that airline managements are top-heavy, inefficient, and complacent, largely because the relationship between the CAB and the airlines is too cozy. The critics argue that the CAB is entirely too willing to bail out airline managers when they make poor decisions, and that the cost of air travel has risen because of it. The CAB's willingness to allow airlines to raise fares has also made managers too cautious, and frequently unwilling to offer the innovative approaches (like single-class, no-food service), which the intrastates pioneered. Also, they believe interstate airlines are too prone to litigate, largely because the nature of the CAB's bureaucracy encourages a legalistic approach and the maintenance of large legal departments.

Flying Empty Planes

On this point, Southwest's Muse certainly agrees. He has spent over $2 million on legal fees to keep his airline flying, and the total is still growing. The latest round is under way in a Texas court, with TIA challenging the Texas Aeronautics Commission's decision to allow Southwest to serve the lower Rio Grande valley. So on the dingy third floor of Austin's county courthouse, District Judge Jim Meyers is patiently reviewing the whole months-long process of hearings and evidence which the TAC accumulated for the record during 1974. The judge must decide if a pattern of "bias, prejudice, and hostility" influenced the TAC's decision. Southwest has joined the suit on the TAC's side, and its lawyers have staked their defense on the unusual premise that any prejudice TAC exhibited against TIA was justified because of the airline's wretched service and high fares.

Of course this means another whopping legal bill for Southwest. Muse is philosophical about the costs. "I don't begrudge our lawyers a dime," he says. "We've got it and they're worth it. We'll pay our bills, but TIA will just use its legal expenses to pad its losses, and the taxpayer is sure as hell gonna pay for it."

When Southwest began serving the valley in early 1975, TIA simply refused to compete. TIA was free to reduce its fares in this market (the CAB permits airlines to reduce intrastate fares), but it maintained them at the old, high level. Predictably, Southwest got all the passengers with its new low fares, and its aggressive marketing dramatically increased traffic. TIA seemed content, meanwhile, to fly empty DC-9s. Why?

"I know exactly what they're doing," Muse argues. "They want to make things look as bad as possible so's the CAB will bail 'em out. We ain't hurt 'em a bit. There's enough business down there for everybody. We've proved that. Stupid TIA doesn't know what it's doing. Why should they? They've never had to compete with anybody. They're telling the CAB our operations have caused them to lose $2.7 million in the last six months. But what they're not telling the public is that if they don't come up with a loss somewhere, they're gonna have to give back almost that much in federal subsidies!"

TIA argues that the CAB requires it to serve unprofitable routes, and that Southwest is competing unfairly by skimming off the cream while ignoring the "service" aspects of air service. But in the valley case, the CAB has intermittently subsidized TIA's "service." As for other off-the-beaten-track cities, Muse says: "You give me their CAB subsidy and I'll serve their Abilenes and Longviews for 'em and still make money. I'll trade places with 'em." So far, TIA has refused the offer. ■

(For a further discussion of the issues raised by the Texas Airline War, see "Waco, Wilt and the AMA," by James Fallows, in this issue.)

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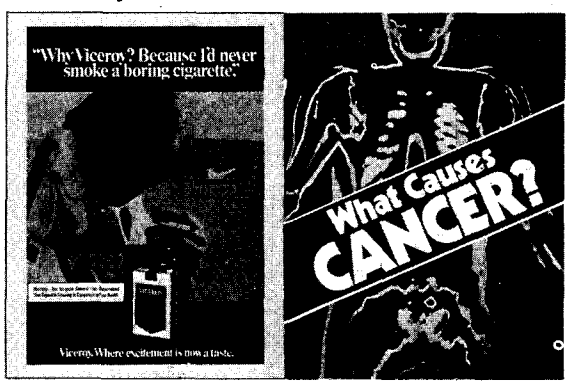
Equal Time

Last month we criticized magazines that claim to have high standards but accept advertising on harmful products like cigarettes. Now *The Washington Post* reports that *Playgirl* has decided to root out a million dollars' worth of its erotic advertising—30 per cent of its total ad revenue—in what vice-president Ira Ritter calls an effort to upgrade the product.

"What we're talking about is the ads for vibrators and lotions, books and films, potency pills that actually are just placebos, ads that have been creeping into a lot of magazines recently. It's almost impossible to monitor some of these advertisers, and our running them is more or less an endorsement in the consumers' eyes."

Mr. Ritter did not comment on *Playgirl*'s cigarette ads. His myopia was more than matched by the people at *Newsweek*, who put together this front and back cover combination for the January 26 issue:



Baby Talk

Our picture of the happy American family has been shaken by Ann Landers who recently asked her readers: "If you had it to do over again, would you have children?" Seventy per cent answered No. Some sample letters:

"From Fargo, N.D.: My husband and I were married eight years before we had our first child. Within four years we had three. (The third one was a mistake.) Then I had my tubes tied and my husband had a vasectomy—just to make sure. We both agree our happiest years were before we had the kids. They have brought us a lot of heartache and very little pleasure. If we had it to do over again we'd have remained childless.—Rather Die Than Sign My Name

"From Tampa, Fla: I am 40, my husband is 45. We have two children under the age of eight. I was an attractive, fulfilled career woman before I had these kids. Now I'm an exhausted, nervous wreck who misses her job and sees very little of her husband. He's got a 'friend,' I'm sure, and I don't blame him. Our children took all the romance out of our marriage. I'm too tired for sex, conversation or anything else. Sign me—Too Late For Tears.

"From New York: I've lived 70 years, and I speak from experience, as a mother of five. Was it worth it? No. The early years were difficult. Illness, rebellion, lack of motivation (we called it shiftlessness and laziness in our day). One was seriously disturbed—in and out of mental hospitals. Another went the Gay Lib route. Two are now living in communes (we never hear from them). Another has gone loony with the help of a phony religious leader who should be in jail. Not one of our children has given us any pleasure. God knows we did our best, but we were failures as parents and they are failures as people.—Sad Story."

Historical Footnote

The art of identifying the significant or telling detail is one that all young writers should master. But Mary McCarthy hasn't learned it, apparently, as the following example from her recent article about Hannah Arendt in *The New York Review of Books* suggests:

"She liked shoes; in all the years I knew her, I think she only once had a corn."

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Tidbits and Outrages

Revolution and Red Tape

Despite the greatest assault on bureaucracy in modern history, the bureaucratic spirit has endured in Chairman Mao's China, according to this story by Ross H. Munro of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*:

"SHUN I, China—In the Cultural Revolution, Chairman Mao Tse-tung issued a directive with far-reaching implications: China's cadres should go down to the countryside to revive their revolutionary commitment through manual labor. In October 1968, the cadres—a term encompassing bureaucrats as well as such professionals as teachers—began setting up May 7 cadre schools in the countryside throughout China. One of their slogans was 'maintain the spirit of hard work and plain living.'

"The May 7 school for cadres from Peking's Hsuanwu District was perhaps typical. In a poor section of a commune northeast of Peking, the cadres slept on the ground in tents through the winter while they painstakingly built crude dormitories with their own hands. For one or two months they lived with peasants and worked alongside them in the fields."

But seven years later, Munro reports, the bureaucrats are getting things back under control:

"Much has changed. . . . at the Hsuanwu cadre school, life has become quite comfortable. A recent visit found the cadres planning to build TV rooms and erect a prefabricated bathhouse. The first crude dormitories stand next to new buildings showing excellent masonry and brickwork. . . .

"The time spent living and working with the peasants has been condensed into a two-week period . . . . The cadres now devote four hours to manual labor and four hours to political study each day. The routine allows plenty of spare time for recreational activities, such as volleyball and other ball games, theatrical and musical activities, television viewing, painting and, in the summer, swimming."

Within a few years, they'll be bringing their wives.

With Three Servants You, Too . . . .

Buffets are booming, everything served with maxi-speed, mini-fuss: breakfast, lunch, or dinner. When she flies in now and again from her villa in "the Newport of Italy," Porto Santo Stefano, Susanna Agnelli instantly asks 12 friends to her New York apartment for a luncheon buffet. How does this whiz—who is mayor of Porto Santo Stefano and granddaughter of the Agnelli who began the family's Fiat auto empire—produce a dozen delicious Italian dishes and a roomful of laughter on a day when any other traveler would sag with jet lag? The answer is easy Italian dishes, the incredible energy of Suni (her name since the childhood she describes charmingly in her book *We Always Wore Sailor Suits*, Viking), and the help of three young Argentine girls."

—from Leo Lerman's "People Are Talking About. . ." column in Vogue

Thanks a Lot Department

We have commented before on the Shah's chutzpah. Here, from *The New York Times*, is the latest example:

"Vienna, Dec. 20—A meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries opened here today with an Iranian official, speaking for the producers, recommending that oil be priced at $12 to $15 a barrel to guarantee investments in alternate sources of energy."

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The Alaska Pipeline. Mary Clay Berry. Indiana Univ.

American Medical Avarice. Ruth Mulvey Harmer. Crowell.

Anarchy, State, and Utopia. Robert Nozick. Basic.

Behind the Middle East Conflict. Gil Carl AlRoy. Putnam.

Brain Bank of America. Philip Boffey. McGraw-Hill.

Breach of Faith. Theodore H. White. Atheneum.

The Bureaucratic State. H. R. Shapiro. Samizdat.

Can America Win the Next War? Drew Middleton. Scribners.

The Case Against Direct Election of the President. Judith V. Best. Cornell Univ.

The Changing Dream. John Tunney. Doubleday.

The China Hands. E. J. Kahn, Jr. Viking.

The Citizen and the State. George J. Stigler.

Common Sense II. The Peoples Bicentennial Commission. Bantam.

Congress: Its Contemporary Role. Ernest S. Griffith, Francis R. Valeo. New York Univ.

Congress: Process and Policy. Randall B. Ripley. Norton.

Conversations with Kennedy. Benjamin C. Bradlee. Norton.

The Corrupt Society. Robert Payne. Praeger.

Curing the Mischiefs of Faction: Party Reform in America. Austin Ranney. Univ. of California.

Dateline: White House. Helen Thomas. Macmillan.

The D. C. Dialect. Paul Morgan, Sue Scott. Washington Mews Books.

Don't Make No Waves—Don't Back No Losers. Milton L. Rakove. Indiana Univ.

To Defend These Rights. Valery Chalidze. Random House.

Drugs and Minority Oppression. John Helmer. Seabury.

The Dying of the Light. Arnold A. Rogow. Putnam.

Execution Eve. William F. Buckley. Putnam.

Federal Programs and City Politics. Jeffrey L. Pressman. Univ. of California.

The Final Report of the Committee on the Judiciary. Peter W. Rodino, Jr. Bantam.

A Ford, Not a Lincoln. Richard Reeves. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

The First Casualty. Philip Knightley. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

Nominations Submitted by Readers, Editors an

Fragile Structures. Peter Amory Bradford. Harper's Magazine Press.

Growing Up in America. Fred and Grace Hechinger. McGraw-Hill.

A Global Approach to National Policy. Richard A. Falk. Harvard Univ.

The Hard Years. Eugene McCarthy. Viking.

Health Care Politics. Robert F. Alford. Univ. of Chicago.

History of the Congress of the United States. Alvin M. Josephy. American Heritage.

How the Good Guys Finally Won. Jimmy Breslin. Viking.

If Men Were Angels. James Buckley. Putnam.

Inside the House. Daniel Rapoport. Follett.

Annual Political Book Award 1975

Interest and Ideology. Bruce M. Russett, Elizabeth C. Hanson. Freeman.

Life and Liberty: A Return to First Principles. Frederick Martin Stern. Crowell.

The Making of the Monroe Doctrine. Ernest R. May. Harvard.

The Mayor's Man. Barry Gottehrer. Doubleday.

Mediacracy. Kevin P. Phillips. Doubleday.

Meeting at Potsdam. Charles L. Mee, Jr. Evans.

Money. John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin.

The Morality of Consent. Alexander Bickel. Yale.

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Publishers for The Annual Political Book Award

My Father. Hugo Black, Jr. Random House.

My Life. Golda Meir. Putnam.

The New American Ideology. George C. Lodge. Knopf.

The New Reformers. Stephen Schlesinger. Houghton Mifflin.

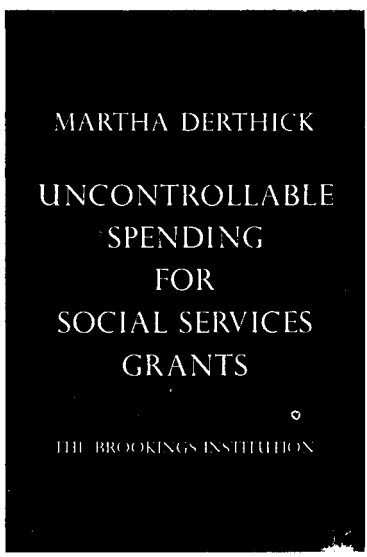
Neurosis and Civilization. Michael Schneider. Seabury.

The 1940s: Decade of Triumph and Trouble. Cabell Phillips. Macmillan.

The Other Government. Mark J. Green. Grossman.

Personality and Democratic Politics. Paul M. Sniderman. Univ. of California.

Personnel Policy in the City. Frank Thompson. Univ. of California.



Perspective. Charles Rembar. Arb House.

Political Money: A Strategy for mpaign Financing in America. David W. lamany, George E. Agree. Johns Hopkins.

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The Politics of Extinction. Lewis Regenstein. Macmillan.

Power, Influence and Authority. David V. J. Bell. Oxford.

Power and Privilege. Robert LaPorte Jr. Univ. of California.

The Power Lovers. Myra MacPherson. Putnam.

Power Shift. Kirkpatrick Sale. Random House.

A Presidential Nation. Joseph A. Califano Jr. Norton.

Presidential Spending Power. Louis Fisher. Princeton.

The Promise of Joy. Allen Drury. Doubleday.

Resignation in Protest. Edward Weisband, Thomas M. Franck. Grossman.

Revolution in Cuba. Herbert L. Matthews. Scribners.

Sam Rayburn. Alfred Steinberg. Hawthorne.

Social Security: The Fraud in Your Future. Warren Shore. Macmillan.

Setting National Priorities: The 1976 Budget. Barry M. Blechman, Edward M. Gramlich, Robert W. Hartman. Brookings.

Special Envoy to Churchill and Stalin 1941-1946. W. Averill Harriman, Elie Abel. Random House.

The State of the Presidency. Thomas E. Cronin. Little, Brown.

A Theory of Public Bureaucracy: Politics, Personality, and Organization in the State Department. Donald P. Warwick. Harvard.

"They've Killed the President!" Robert Sam Anson. Bantam.

A Time to Die. Tom Wicker. Quadrangle.

Too Proud to Fight. Patrick Devlin. Oxford.

Transformations of the American Party System. Everett Carll Ladd, Jr., Charles D. Hadley. Norton.

Twilight of Authority. Robert Nisbet. Oxford.

Uncontrollable Spending for Social Services Grants. Martha Derthick. Brookings.

United States Attorney. Whitney North Seymour, Jr. Morrow.

Upton Sinclair: American Rebel. Leon Harris. Crowell.

The Underground Woman. Kay Boyle. Doubleday.

Violence in Ulster. W. H. VanVoris. Univ. of Massachusetts Press.

The Washington Embrace of Business. Roger M. Blough. Columbia.

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Who Runs Congress. Mark J. Green. Bantam.

Who Shall Live? Victor R. Fuchs. Basic.

The Witness and I. O. Edmund Clubb. Columbia.

Witness to Power. Marquis Childs. McGraw-Hill.

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Wildly Out of Control

by Walter Shapiro

There is a certain look and feel to the books which bear the imprimatur of the Brooking's Institution, Washington's most prestigious research center. Their unadorned covers and their unwieldy titles presage a terribly detailed analysis of a narrow aspect of economics or public policy. Despite Charles Colson's alleged interest in bombing the building, Brookings seems the least likely place in Washington to arouse a passionate response.

That's why it is so surprising to discover that the best political book of 1975 was a Brookings study. With its plain brown cover and off-putting title, Martha Derthick's *Uncontrollable Spending for Social Services Grants* appears to be the kind of Brookings report which will be little noticed by anyone but graduate students in public administration. Such are the dangers of deceptive packaging. In 115 tightly written pages, Martha Derthick has managed to produce the most lucid analysis of the internal workings of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare since the publication of Daniel Moynihan's *The Politics of a Guaranteed Income* in 1972. Such a detailed account of the inner-workings of a federal program is a rare accomplishment. But if we are going to reform government, we will need more analyses like Derthick's which tell us what government is actually doing.

Derthick tells the story of an expensive HEW program gone wildly out of control. Given the complexity of the subject, it is difficult to convey all the details without resorting to oversimplification. Yet the story should be disseminated as widely as possible because it illustrates the difficulties that the next President—no matter who he is—will face in attempting to tame the HEW bureaucracy.

Uncontrollable Spending is a history of the social services component of the welfare program, with a particular emphasis on the critical period between 1969 and 1972. The program in question had its genesis in 1962, during the optimistic days of the Kennedy Administration, when it was a cardinal principle of liberal faith that if you hired enough social workers to provide services to the poor, it would somehow reduce the

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size of the welfare rolls. The program was vague to begin with—"social services" were never adequately defined—but by 1969 state governments began to realize that there were virtually no federal controls on the program. Put bluntly, HEW had obligated itself to reimburse the states for 75 per cent of the cost of virtually all social services to current, former, *and* potential welfare recipients. (When Congress finally caught on to what was happening in 1972, Rep. Martha Griffiths angrily noted, "Under a potential receiver you can pick up Christina Ford and John D. Rockefeller.") To make matters worse, Congress had neglected to place a ceiling on how much could be spent under this program.

A large portion of Derthick's monograph describes the process by which various states caught on to the potential of these social services grants. California was the first to recognize that the benefits were virtually unlimited: between 1967 and 1972 California received 25 to 36 per cent of all federal funds spent on social services grants. Originally, the legislation, like most federal matching grants, had been designed to stimulate the states to provide new social services. California skirted this requirement through shrewd bureaucratic maneuvers: "Activities that were already being performed. . . were now provided in a way to maximize federal money." California officials had recognized that when grantsmanship is played with enough sophistication, it is virtually impossible for officials in Washington to distinguish between a new program and an old program with new, brightly colored packaging.

Unlike the authors of most Brookings studies, Derthick recognizes that the history of government programs depends as much on human beings as it does on policy parameters and bureaucratic organizational charts; she was willing to conduct interviews as well as sift documents. The nuances provided by the interviews enhance the entire manuscript. Although character development is hampered by the rigidity of the genre, *Uncontrollable Spending* is sprinkled with little human vignettes. There were the middle-level HEW officials who were so delighted to have a functioning program of their own that they were out promoting the matching grants at a time when they should have been trying to put a damper on state claims for reimbursement. Their philosophy was—according to an aphorism which spread through HEW in 1971—"You hatch it, we match it." Then there were private consultants like William Copeland, who, for an appropriate fee, went like a Pied Piper from state to state explaining the intricacies of federal reimbursement for social services.

The situation came to a head in the fall of 1971, when Illinois, faced with a politically unmanageable budget deficit, tried to pass on to HEW some of the costs of "state programs dealing with drug abuse, alcoholism, mental illness, mental retardation, and juvenile and adult corrections." The boldness of the Illinois gambit was impressive. Upkeep costs for the state's prison system were passed on to HEW under the rationale that the jailing of the inmates was "responsible for family breakup which results in the family remaining outside needing to go on the AFDC [Aid for Dependent Children] rolls." Such bureaucratic imagination was the contribution of William Copeland, who had added Illinois to his list of clients. As one state official put it, "We really do have to thank him. We would never have tried anything so outlandish except for him."

The outcome? Thanks to a complicated legislative maneuver by Illinois Senator Charles Percy and the high-priced legal help provided by Covington and Burling, in early 1972 HEW approved the Illinois plan. New York promptly submitted a similar proposal. New York's success triggered a front-page article in *The New York Times*, implicitly extolling the virtues of what some had begun to call

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"back-door revenue-sharing." The *Times* article sparked the interest of Senator Russell Long, who quickly recognized something was amiss. Congressional rumblings began to register on the Richter scale of the Washington press corps, and "this government blunder, hitherto obscure, suddenly became news." By the end of 1972, Congress had enacted into law a $2.5-billion ceiling on the entire program, and each state's share of the kitty was allocated on the basis of population, rather than on the number of reimbursement vouchers sent to Washington. Once Congress had seemingly reformed the program, the whole issue disappeared from the news as rapidly as it had become a national concern.

But this congressional crackdown was an isolated victory. HEW efforts to belatedly police the administration of the program were entirely thwarted by the political clout of the social welfare establishment. In late 1972 HEW published proposed new regulations tightening the operations of the social services program. Within two months the Department had received 200,000 letters of protest. A coalition of 16 national welfare organizations joined forces to battle the new regulations. Private charities, which had received only a small portion of the funds under purchase-of-services agreements with state governments, were particularly energetic in their lobbying efforts. Even a conservative Republican congressman like Robert Michel of Illinois "had to backtrack a bit" when he learned "that a number of my friends who are involved in all this volunteer work are going to be shut out from doing their thing for the community." Small wonder Congress postponed the effective date of the new HEW regulations until 1975. They were never applied. In 1974 Congress had passed an entirely new law (known as Title XX). Rather than finally bringing this $2.5-billion social pork-barrel program under tight administrative control, Title XX gave the states unprecedented latitude in spending their social services allotment. And that's where the matter stands today.

Uncontrollable Spending is not a brief against federal grants for social services. Nor is Derthick interested in illustrating the shoddiness of most HEW conceptual thinking about strategies to aid the poor. Both points, however, are implicit in the material she has assembled to document her case of the lack of administrative control over a major HEW program. Derthick's focus—and here Brookings takes its toll—is on the much narrower question: Where were the HEW comptrollers and the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) while the states were looting the federal treasury with matching grants for social services? Her analysis of the failure of OMB is particularly striking: the President's budget analysts were so taken with the concept of purchase-of-services, an integral part of the federal matching grants, that they were blinded to the flagrant abuses inherent in the program.

Derthick's primary interest is the administration of HEW, not the goals of HEW programs—a subject which would provide enough grist for a score of other authors. Like others in the Brookings mold, Derthick sees herself as a professional writing for other professionals and therefore doesn't waste time answering open-ended conceptual questions. That's why her conclusion, while unobjectionable, is not apt to become a rousing battle cry: "Strengthening the executive agencies of control may slightly reduce the chances that something like it will happen again, but the procedural and organizational constraints that can be introduced through budget and financial management offices. . . can neither alter the fundamental forces of political life nor forestall human error." In a year when reforming the federal bureaucracy is every politician's favorite campaign promise, it is important to maintain a grudging appreciation for the magnitude of the task. ■

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Waco, Wilt and the AMA

by James Fallows

It was not so long ago that liberals in this country were bemoaning the absence of an intelligent right. Bill Buckley seemed more interested in being puckish than in having his ideas taken seriously; apart from him and Milton Friedman, the burden of conservative thought was borne by the Roman Hruskas and Robert Doles of the world. This side of Ayn Rand, it was hard to find an intellectual impediment to the on-rush of orthodox liberalism.

How times have changed. The recent overhaul in domestic ideology, surely the most important since the New Deal, is by now an established fact. From the popularity of the mysterious Jerry Brown, to the broadly based clamor for deregulation, to the emergence of George Will as the premier political columnist, the indications of a new sort of conservatism are unmistakably clear.

As one who can look back on an earlier passion for Barry Goldwater and Ayn Rand, I often wonder whether this change portends another decade of wrenching gyrations, as we are again torn between the partial truths of one political pole and those of the other. The problem is brought to a head by two books, which present the best faces of the new "conservative" movement. One is Robert Nozick's case for libertarianism, *Anarchy, State, and Utopia*,* a book that has been widely discussed (and won the National Book Award) in the year since its publication. The other is the more traditional conservatism of Robert Nisbet's *Twilight of Authority*.** No one who has cast a skeptical eye at government over the last decade can deny that both books are often on target, as they hurl their darts at the sitting duck of government-as-usual. The points they de-

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*Basic Books, 1975.
**Oxford University Press, 1975.

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velop are among the most valuable to be found anywhere in the current "conservative" mood. Yet when one lays them aside, there is a sense of incompleteness and imbalance left; what they do not say begins to seem as important as what they do.

The Minimal State

What both books do well is to emphasize the failure of our public institutions. Nozick does it by insisting upon individual rights; in his libertarian scheme, the government would maintain public order but do little else to interfere with private lives. As he puts it on the book's first page, "a minimal state, limited to the narrow functions of protection against force, theft, fraud, enforcement of contracts, and so on, is justified; [and] any more extensive state will violate persons' rights not to be forced to do certain things, and is unjustified."

Although Nozick makes few specific allusions to current policies or problems (this, as we will see, becomes a serious problem), the practical applications of his argument are obvious. His emphasis on "rights" shows what a constricted meaning that term has acquired within the liberal orthodoxy. The American Civil Liberties Union and other groups on the Left have been prickly as porcupines about defending the rights of William Kunstler, the dirty-movie-makers, and accused criminals out on bail—causes to which Nozick would subscribe—but they have been plainly deaf to the complaints of those who feel oppressed by the bureaucratic state. The whites of South Boston (the blacks, too, for that matter), the owners of small businesses, those who complain about any tax burden that can't immediately be blamed on big business or an unjust loophole—these and other victims of the courts and HEW find little support for their "rights" among the civil liberties crowd of the Left.

Nozick's book reminds us that these are questions of ends and means. The ends have been fine-sounding—economic equality, racial justice, environmental improvement—but the means have clearly involved a sacrifice of rights, a point not often mentioned in Washington. One of the ironies of political debate in this country is that few people genuinely believe in freedom of speech—when opinions they find repulsive are involved. Nozick repeats the message that there is little real respect for civil liberties, at least not for those that are considered "regressive." Those who complain are called racist, or greedy, or dangerous to the environment—and in many cases those labels are apt; still the clear implication of Nozick's arguments is that their rights must be taken more seriously if we truly care about civil liberties.

The great value of Nisbet's book is in emphasizing that a society is held together by bonds more complicated than regulations published in the *Federal Register*. There are places where he strikes too autumnal a tone in denouncing the decline of modern society, but time and again his analysis rings true. Local governments, voluntary organizations, and of course such moribund forces as the church have all lost their power to cement the blocs of society together. In their place has come rule from Washington. "Few things so clearly separate the liberalism of the 19th century from 20th-century liberalism and progressivism as the nearly complete acceptance by the latter of bureaucracy," Nisbet says. "The word *bureaucracy* has come to symbolize, above all others in our time, the transfer of government from the people, as organized in their natural communities in the social order, as equipped with the tastes, desires, and aspirations which are the natural elements of their nurture, to a class of professional technicians whose principal job is that of substituting *their* organizations, *their* tastes, desires, and aspirations, for those of the people."

These are significant points, and

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presented better in these books than they have been in the indistinct political rhetoric that Jerry Brown and Jimmy Carter have inspired. But a nagging doubt remains about the package as a whole. One way to get a grip on it is to consider the abstraction of the arguments.

Both books (but especially Nozick's) are serious works of political philosophy: heavy on theory, short on specifics. There is nothing wrong with theory; I do not mean to suggest that Kant would have been a worthier citizen had he devoted his time to the Konigsberg city council. But in this case the abstraction steers the writers away from some of the problems of the real world, and from the unpalatable consequences of their theories. The effect is that of a session with Ralph Waldo Emerson; what seems wholly plausible while the book is in hand begins to fall apart when the twists and complications of reality reassert their place in your mind. The problem is easier to identify in Nozick, both because he invites it and because he displays so many of the classic libertarian traits. The most spectacular admission comes after he develops his "entitlement" theory of justice—roughly, that as long as economic exchanges are voluntary and no one is applying force or illegal coercion, what the market dictates will be "just." If one man ends up with 99 per cent of the money and everyone else with the rest, that is fine. If everyone ends up with the same amount of money, that is fine too. The thing the government must not do is tamper with the result by such infringements as the progressive income tax.

Lighting Up a Fantasy World

As libertarians often do, Nozick argues this case as if the world were created yesterday. There is no history in this book, apart from a fable about how his minimal state might conceivably have evolved. Eventually, though, Nozick gets around to admitting that the world did not develop in quite the fashion he has described and that there has been some record of "injustices" piled up by now. Over the millennia, pillage, warfare, slavery, and expropriation have all shaped the distribution of wealth. It is hard to tell any more who, theoretically, is entitled to what. With a wave of the hand, Nozick makes what seems to me a staggering concession, saying, in effect, that his entitlement theory doesn't have anything to do with the world we live in:

"If [the principles of fair exchange] are violated, the principle of rectification comes into play. . . . An important question for each society will be the following: given *its* particular history, what operable rule of thumb best approximates the results of a detailed application in that society of the principle of rectification. These issues are very complex and are best left to a full treatment of the principle of rectification. In the absence of such a treatment applied to a particular society, one *cannot* use the analysis and theory presented here to condemn any particular scheme of transfer payments, unless it is clear that no considerations of rectification of injustice could apply to it. Although to introduce socialism as the punishment for our sins would be to go too far, past injustices might be so great as to make necessary in the short run a more extensive state in order to rectify them."

It is, perhaps, the philosopher's privilege to wave such trivialities aside, but in light of this admission does his argument have any application at all? It is as if someone wrote a tract on crime based on the premise that all men were good, and then threw in a paragraph saying that, of course, many men were bad. The most significant aspect of this concession is its nonchalance; whether his principles illuminate reality or simply light up their own fantasy world is not cause of great concern to Nozick. Again, I do not mean to suggest that everyone must spend his time sweating out

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some "relevant" solution to the world's problems, but when you are writing political philosophy that has little to do with the real world, you end up with little more than a hit-and-miss sort of plausibility.

Nozick also displays the personal frostiness that is so typical of libertarians. I have never met Nozick, but I have known a good many libertarians, have been one myself, and I have always been struck by several distinct patterns of mind. Prime among them is an absolute inability to empathize with the difficulties that the world imposes on people, the little victories and, more important, the defeats, that make up most lives. In fairness, this is less an indication of basic meanness than of limited experience; libertarianism is usually most appealing to bright young things in high school and college, who cannot imagine that the world will ever muss their hair.

A Quarter to See Wilt

Nozick reveals this attitude most clearly with the chief illustration he provides for his "entitlement" theory. There are a good many illustrations he *might* have chosen. If a rancher can get wetbacks to work for him for 75 cents an hour, that is just great. No one is "forcing" them to work. If a company, through its sheer market power, can make customers pay $10 a loaf for the bread they eat, that is fine, too. No one is forcing them to buy. Any number of similar, unsavory illustrations can be thought of to flesh out the dark side of laissez-faire. Yet what is the illustration Nozick provides to show how entitlement works? He says that people may willingly decide to pay an extra quarter for the privilege of seeing Wilt Chamberlain play basketball, and if all those quarters go to Wilt he will soon be a very rich man.

The vividness of this illustration makes it a tree in the desert of abstraction, and who could quarrel with the arrangement Nozick proposes? Such a small amount of money to pay for the excitement of seeing a great athlete, or a great actor, or a great artist in performance: the money they receive is worth the joy they bring. But do we approach with the same delight the prospect of sweating in the sun for 75 cents an hour because there's no other work to be had and a surplus of field hands? Or paying through the nose for essentials, because the provider has obtained a monopoly? Nozick's assertion that these decisions are "voluntary," because they are not made at the point of a gun, would be simple fatuity did it not seem so obvious that he had not thought of the less-charming consequences. When he is building his life-is-tough case, saying that unpleasant choices may still be voluntary ones, how does he illustrate it? By saying, "I may voluntarily walk to someplace I would prefer to fly unaided." How delightful it seems when put that way, and how much of life it ignores.

Consider how Nozick's formula would affect the "Texas Airline War," described by George Hopkins in this issue. Here we have a situation seemingly tailor-made for libertarian analysis. One airline—the unregulated Southwest—can do the job so much more efficiently than the fat, government-protected monopolies that it can beat their price by 50 per cent and still offer service the customers prefer. If Nozick were at the helm, he would extend the scope of Southwest's deregulation, let it fight with Braniff, and watch as poor, enfeebled Texas International Airlines bit the dust. All the principles of laissez-faire would be honored. Everyone's liberties would be safe.

Then one considers the consequences. In half a dozen cities in Texas, and a hundred others through the rest of the country, scheduled airline service would simply disappear. The subsidy now paid to Texas International is the only thing that makes its flight to Brownwood and Big Spring and Waco worthwhile. Without the subsidy no one would bother—or

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at least no one beside an air-taxi service, which will charge more and take longer to get passengers out to the major cities.

Hard cheese, say the libertarians. Let the people move elsewhere—as they will certainly have to do, since in many of these cities airline connections make the difference between gradual stagnation and normal economic health. These quick (compared to cars) and inexpensive (compared to air-taxis) connections often determine whether a city can hold its industry and lure new ones, whether it seems to be part of the modern world or an isolated backwater. No one who has been to Big Spring or Brownwood, or Charleston, West Virginia, or Fort Smith, Arkansas, can doubt the importance of the regional, subsidized airline services to these small cities.

To the libertarians these interests are irrelevant; if the service is important, let the people pay for it. In any case, they say, the need of Brownwood does not constitute a claim on the resources of the other citizens of the country, who pay high fares to the CAB's carriers to subsidize Texas International's flights into remote corners of the state. Let the hicks move.

What we have here, once again, is a case of constricted understanding. Experience with human nature suggests that some "utilitarian" calculus—horrible as that word is to Nozick—underlies most common-sense decisions. Getting off the subsidies will be a large inconvenience to the people of the small cities, while continuing them is at most a small imposition on the rest of the public. The Nozicks of the world might understand this better if Harvard, eager to cut its heating bills, decided to move to Midland-Odessa. Libertarian arguments often give the sense that they cannot consider such a possibility, that they can imagine only one side of the coin. They can imagine being Wilt Chamberlain, can even imagine paying the quarter to see him play. But they cannot imagine being driven out of town or forced to sweat in the field, or made to put up with an indignity of any sort. In the real world, a substantial number of people are in all of these predicaments, and their interests cannot be willed out of existence.

(It may be, of course, that the CAB's current method of keeping the Brownwoods alive is misguided and impractical. Now the subsidy is financed by a selective tax on those who fly with the regulated carriers and pay a higher ticket price than they otherwise would. Support from general tax funds would make more sense.)

All Power to Jersey City?

When we turn to Robert Nisbet, we find a very different theory affected by a very similar reluctance to tangle with realities. Nisbet's appeal for more private organizations, more vital local governments, is sound and persuasive, but there is part of the story he leaves out. Think for a moment about actual examples of these "voluntary associations" on which he rests such high hopes. The dairy co-ops? The American Bar Association? The American Medical Association? Not all of them have such grasping implications as these, but the same failures of character which have affected our public institutions are familiar in these private organizations as well. In discussing the lawyers, Nisbet speaks with eloquence about the perils of the modern bar—the way it institutionalizes paranoia and, by making every relationship into a litigious one, exacts a terrible price in social efficiency. But there is no trace of humor or irony about the way one of his sainted "voluntary associations," the American Bar Association, exacerbates the problem by merging the lawyers into a guild. Nor does Nisbet reveal any sense of what happens when different associations compete. The result is most often multiple victimization of those outside the guild, rather than the paradise

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of the invisible hand. The most amusing example is the ongoing warfare between the doctors and the lawyers over malpractice insurance. All of a sudden the doctors have gotten wise to the lawyers' monopoly. They will go on and on about how reform is impossible as long as legislatures and the Congress are packed with lawyers. My sympathies are all with the doctors in this case, but not one doctor in a hundred has paused to think that maybe the AMA should cut back on some of its guild advantages, too.

Nisbet's rhapsodies about state and local government have the same blindered tone. Yes, the federal government has failed; but does he really believe that corruption and oppression will disappear when power is turned back to the Jersey Cities and the Duvall counties? All levels of government need some sort of revitalization and reform—and that point, which escapes Nisbet's mention, is part of the most important implication of these two books.

What has been most impressive—in these books, in the teachings of Chairman Jerry Brown, in criticism from the traditional Right—is the keen perception of the federal government's failings. But many of these critics have been blind to the related failures of private institutions and of other levels of government. There has been pathetically little sense that what we are seeing now is a failure of large organizations as a whole and not simply the bureaucratic giants in Washington. The AMA and HEW, General Motors and the General Services Administration, the U.S. Congress and the New York City Board of Education—all of them have shown failures of efficiency and morality which no simple redistribution of power will correct. Yes, a redistribution will do some good; Nozick is right about reducing the government's power, and Nisbet is right about shifting some of the action to the private and local levels. But steps like these are hopelessly inadequate unless we also pay attention to the pathology of organizations—as organizations—be they public or private. If the wave of anti-government feeling can be channeled into a critique of our organizational life, it may have greater potential benefits than anything we've seen from it so far.

With the possible exception of Watergate, when our institutions have done evil, they have not consciously set out to do so. The U. S. did not intend to slaughter civilians in Vietnam. The chemical-makers did not intend to deform babies with Thalidomide. But somehow it happened. Most often it happened because those making decisions were insulated, by layer upon layer of people, from the truth about their effects. The war provided a ghastly set of variations on this theme. We conducted "body counts" to find out how the war was going, and ended up lying to ourselves. We had a massacre at My Lai, and everyone from Captain Medina on up thanked heaven that he had not known about it so he couldn't be blamed. We had planes which dropped bombs from such heights that no one inside the plane could see the results. In the White House, a host of invisible minefields made sure that bearers of bad news did not penetrate the optimistic inner circle. Truth became the first victim of large organizations. The ugly reality does not survive the long journey back to headquarters.

Putting Yourself on the Line

What was true in Vietnam was true at HEW and is true in business as well. In the corporate world, the device of public ownership is perhaps the most effective insulating device ever developed. As we survey the sins of the business world, it is clear they are caused not by the desire to make a profit, but by the need to maximize it—to cut every corner and exploit every opening. These days only one kind of company can avoid the drive toward maximization—the family-owned business, in which those who run the company day-to-day need

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satisfy only themselves with their financial performance. When the company is publicly owned—by anonymous thousands of stockholders, by pension funds and banks—a wall of insulation is thrown up. The people who manage the company—who decide whether the shielding on the nuclear plant is thick enough, whether to compromise or play it tough on labor negotiations, whether to close down a small-town plant—always have a cattle prod at their backs; they know that the stockholders want results. Those who own the stock need never know what steps were taken to produce their quarterly dividend. The situation is perfect—except for those who buy the products, work in the factories, and live with the consequences.

In revitalizing the government and businesses, then, it seems important to break down these insulating walls. One way to do so is to figure out how to facilitate protest—both criticism inside the organization, and, as a last resort, public protest—"whistle-blowing." Whenever the political landscape looks bleak, you might recall the good news from the beginning of this year: two groups of professional men, three from General Electric and three from the Environmental Protection Agency, resigned with a public protest about the risks their employers were taking with the public's health and safety. Then the federal safety engineer for the nuclear reactors at Indian Point, New York, resigned with a public charge that the reactors were unsafe in design and construction and "could cause a catastrophe." These seven resignations—four by federal employees—equal the entire number of protest resignations by public officials during the Kennedy-Johnson years and exceed the five of the Eisenhower and Nixon administrations.* No one at the top can do a good job if he doesn't know what's happening out in the field; those who tolerate bad jobs won't be able to do so if we take away from them the excuse the generals used at My Lai and Nixon clung to during Watergate: I didn't know what my subordinates were doing.

*See *Resignation in Protest*, an important book by Edward Weisband and Thomas M. Franck (Grossman, 1975).

Performance Traps

Nisbet's moans about the end of the world seem plausible when he discusses the decline of dedication; companies don't care about making good products, the government doesn't care about doing its job. If there is such a decay—and the evidence lies all around us—its roots may lie with the traps that keep people from performing. One of them is the trap of simple greed, most evident in state and local goverment, where bribery is still a way of life. While members of the federal bureaucracy know they'll make out all right if they simply stay on the GS pay scale, the traditionally low salaries paid by state and local governments have taught their employees that God helps those who help themselves. A second, and more important trap, is that of bureaucratic climbing—the difference between advancing one's career and doing the job well. As organizations become more specialized, as one corporate province has a harder time knowing what's going on in the far reaches of the organization, it becomes easier and easier for bright performers to leap from rung to rung, leaving before anyone can see their mistakes. This was Robert McNamara's trick at Ford; great proponent of the Edsel, he left the company in glory before the car turned out to be a bomb. Among federal bureaucrats it is referred to as "getting out of town just ahead of the posse," which usually means securing within a couple of years a promotion to another division or department where your sins can't catch up with you. This is why I think Nisbet is dead wrong when he says that we need more hierarchy and stratification in American society. The more of these

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layers we get, the greater is the potential chasm between what helps an employee and what helps make a good car or an honest program.

Another is the security trap, its effects most visible in the federal government, the larger corporations, and the public interest world of foundations and academia. Tenure, a certain security in one's job, is often a prerequisite to fine performance—a senator, for example, has a bit more breathing space than a congressman, who spends all his time running for reelection. But there is a fine line; quite easily security can become soporific, stifling, less a base for efforts that couldn't be undertaken without some security than a simple featherbed. In the civil service and much of academia the line has been not so much crossed as obliterated. (Neither professor Nozick nor professor Nisbet has anything to say about the perils of tenure.)

Radical Optimism

Part of the passion for security is simple to understand; our society makes it tough to be at economic loose ends; for those who have children, it is almost impossible. This suggests at least one practical way to reduce the lure of security: public protection against enormous medical bills, public policies which would enable the student to borrow the cost of his education and pay it back over the course of his working life, would remove at least the most obvious constraints on the breadwinner. A modest guaranteed annual income, too, might enable people who wanted to take chances to do so without facing oblivion. My point is not that everyone should change jobs, nor that security of any sort is harmful, but that, on the whole, it is harder to take risks now than it should be. We all suffer when people feel chained to jobs they no longer perform well.

After taking these practical steps to eliminate performance traps, a question of the spirit remains. It is hard even to mention it without sounding like a sap, but from somewhere we need to recapture a sense of pride in performance, commercial and governmental. Every now and then you come across a company or a department where people are not just counting the hours but actually enjoying their work. The staff of the House Judiciary Committee, for instance, labored like beavers during the impeachment hearings. Not all of us have rewards that tempting on the horizon, so the question that remains to be answered is how to make basic productivity and basic administrative efficiency into more attractive, even honorable, goals. Nisbet's appeals for more private activities are just fine, but I hate to see them take the tone—already evident in much of the current new conservative movement—of putting down government. We may need less government and fewer people working in it, but those who remain should be proud of their calling and take it seriously. The surest guarantee of a lousy civil service, after all, is to make it an object of public scorn.

Equally important as the need for pride in performance are the factors Nozick and Nisbet never mention: the need to reduce the current levels of greed and cowardice in our organizational life. While history suggests nothing more clearly than the permanence of these elements in human nature, it also suggests that they are less dominant in some periods than in others. Thus there is hope that we can find a better—if not a perfect—way. Hope that we can put an end to the grotesque escalation of federal salaries and of doctors and lawyers fees, to the corruption among our state and local officials, and to the tyranny of profit in our corporations. Hope that we can encourage people to criticize and tell the truth about their organizations. Hope not that we can turn sinners into saints but that we can find ways of encouraging people to be their best rather than their worst selves. ■

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Earl Warren: On the Mob's Payroll?

by Tom Bethell

A major conclusion of *They've Killed the President!*,* by Robert Sam Anson, and *The Assassinations: Dallas and Beyond*,** edited by Peter Dale Scott, Paul H. Hoch, and Russell Statler, two new books dealing with the assassination of John F. Kennedy, is that the investigation should be reopened. That seems like a good idea. A year ago, when I wrote "Was Sirhan Sirhan on the Grassy Knoll?" (*The Washington Monthly*, March 1975), the subject didn't seem to merit much more than ridicule, but in the last year so many lies have been told, so many "cover-ups" have been perpetrated, so many innuendos have been "documented" with footnotes, and we have, in some quarters, witnessed such a degradation of our intellectual life, that the time has clearly come to drag the whole thing out into as public a forum as possible.

The lies, the cover-ups and the footnoted innuendos have come from the critics of the Warren Commission—those assassinologists and conspiratorialists who have perceived an ever-enlarging conspiracy spreading outwards like an ugly stain from the events in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

First, in 1964, there was the Warren Commission's report, whose central findings were that Lee Harvey Oswald shot President Kennedy alone and unaided. Evidently there was, and still is, something highly dissatisfying to the public mind about these findings, so that within two years a number of books began to appear challenging them. The source material for these criticisms was furnished in large measure by the Government Printing Office, in the form of 26

*Bantam Books, 1975.
**Random House/Vintage, 1976.

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volumes of testimony and exhibits. A further treasure trove of documents awaited the diligent conspiratorialist in the National Archives, where thick volumes of FBI and Secret Service reports were available for anyone who walked in off the street. Some documents were "classified," however, which meant that they were not made available to researchers.

Soon enough, the conspiratorialists got to work: Cover-up! cried Mark Lane, who has made a career for himself by using Warren Commission material to accuse the Warren Commission of covering up the truth about the assassination. Cover-up! cried Jim Garrison, the district attorney of Orleans Parish, who launched a new investigation of his own, an investigation predicated upon the fact that Lee Harvey Oswald spent the summer of 1963 in New Orleans and may have there made acquaintances who assisted him in shooting the President. Cover-up! cried perhaps 20 other conspiracy-seekers.

I was in charge of Garrison's "Archives" throughout this investigation—his research man, so to speak—and so I was well placed to observe the course of his investigation. As is by now perhaps well known, Garrison did nothing to disturb the Warren Commission's central findings. Garrison did allege that Lee Harvey Oswald had entered into a conspiracy with two men, David Ferrie and Clay Shaw, and after Ferrie and Oswald were both dead Shaw was charged with conspiracy to assassinate the President; he was acquitted two years later, and all serious, or even half-way serious, students of the case agree that Shaw was, in fact, innocent. No credible evidence ever existed that any two of Garrison's three alleged conspirators even knew one another. I think it can honestly be said that Garrison did not turn up one scrap of information relevant to the assassination not already known to the FBI or Warren Commission.

A personal recollection may perhaps be illuminating here. Garrison would make public statements saying what a "fraud" the Warren Commission had been, but this is not what those of us actually engaged in the investigation thought. I can well remember discussions with Louis Ivon, Garrison's chief investigator, and James Alcock, his chief trial assistant. What astounded (and appalled) us was that we were unable to find one person in New Orleans who had known Oswald and who had not been interviewed by the FBI, and interviewed within about a week of the assassination. The trouble was that Garrison and others (myself included) had come to the conclusion that the Warren Report was a pushover as a result of reading Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgement* and Harold Weisberg's *Whitewash* series, and other similar books. In these books there was no *hint* that the Commission's work had been so extensive. The revelation, when it came, as it slowly but surely did, was privately demoralizing to Garrison's staff. But not, I think, to Garrison himself, who lived in a world of his own and was blithely unaware of any such concern by his aides. I'll never forget one day Garrison had gone on television and said that Lee Harvey Oswald was innocent. This did nothing to help our case against Clay Shaw, which was based on a conspiracy with Oswald. Jim Alcock, who had to try the case, was so worried by this that he mentioned it to Garrison. "Oh, you can argue it differently in court," Garrison said magnanimously, with a wave of the hand. Details didn't concern him. It was the Big Picture he was after.

'Disinformation'

Garrison got in way over his head when he decided to take on the Warren Report. He thought that the Report and its conclusions would quickly fade away and disappear without a trace once he raised his voice, but he never came close to challenging its conclusions. But the show had to go on, so to speak, and so Clay Shaw

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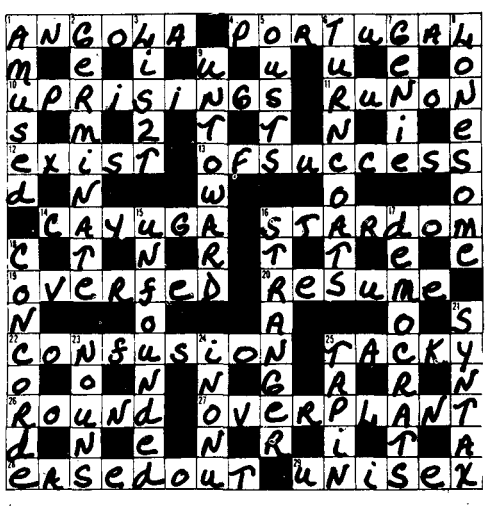
was brought to trial and prosecuted with testimony that was no doubt perjured, and eventually acquitted.

After this setback the Warren Commission critics thought things over for a while and came up with a brand new theory: Garrison was a part of the conspiracy! It was generally agreed that all he had done was discredit criticism of the Warren Commission—ergo, he must have done so on purpose.

This theory is outlined in innuendo form in Robert Sam Anson's book about the assassination. The footnoted innuendo, until Anson's book came out, had been Mark Lane's specialty, but Anson has now also mastered the technique. He says of the Garrison investigation that "never before had any authorities taken seriously the notion of a conspiracy in the assassination. Thanks to the trial, it would be years before they would again."

Get it? Anson's conclusion about the Garrison investigation was that "it was a classic case of what is known in the intelligence trade as 'disinformation.' Truth mixed with half truth, scrambled with no truth at all. The purpose of disinformation is to discredit the truth. It succeeded brilliantly in New Orleans. Garrison's methods where so outrageous, his assertions so preposterous, that reasonable people not only wanted to have nothing to do with them, but were repelled by the case which seemed to have started it all."

Answers to February puzzle:



Crying Conspiracy

Let us take stock of the conspiracy theorist's position at this point. The Warren Commission failed to establish, or assert, a conspiracy. By now, the conspiracy has grown considerably, of course, in the eyes of the conspiratorialists. First there were Oswald and his conspirators, or perhaps, his *framers* (because many conspiracy theorists have a very sentimental attachment to the notion that Oswald was entirely innocent; a good deal of "doublethink" is necessary to support this position, but needless to say the theorists are up to it).

The assassination conspiracy team included, if one is to credit Anson's innuendos, elements of the CIA, the Mafia, and the Dallas police (the latter to explain how Jack Ruby was able to shoot Oswald). Then comes the Warren Commission cover-up, connived at, no doubt, by a goodly number of FBI agents, Secret Service agents, the Chief of Justice of the United States, President Ford (who was on the Commission), high-ranking congressmen, and so on. But there's no problem there, reasons the conspiratorialist, because if there was a conspiracy (and this really is how these people think) and these powerfully placed people didn't point out the conspiracy, it *must* have been because they were a part of it.

Then comes Jim Garrison, and at first the conspiratorialists all love him, because he cries Conspiracy! But ultimately he discredits them, so he, too, is part of the conspiracy. Garrison, too, could very well be accused of "covering up" the truth, just as the Warren Commission was. I don't know whether this charge has yet been made, but I can see how it might be, considering that Garrison interrogated Marina Oswald, Ruth Paine, John Rene Heindel, and other *key witnesses*

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in the secrecy of the Grand Jury, and their testimony has never been made public. Grand Jury testimony is secret to protect innocent parties, of course, but why did Garrison have to choose a secret forum in which to conduct what may well have been the most important part of his investigation? I hereby invite Mark Lane and Robert Sam Anson to look into the matter.

So the conspiracy is enlarged. It includes now Garrison, his staff, and Anson further implies, some Mafia henchmen who were no doubt messengers in this between the CIA and their puppet, Garrison.

And don't forget the news media! They're a part of it, too. At the time of Garrison's investigation, and since, several news organizations spent enormous sums of money, and endless man hours, on the Kennedy assassination. CBS, NBC, and *The New York Times* spent a small fortune, but they didn't come up with a damn thing. They're a part of it, too. Not the valiant little reporters, mind you, not the Peter Kihsses of this world, whom Garrison once described to me as a *New York Times* reporter who was "chained up in the basement," but the big boys, the executive heavy-weights, the Harrison Salisburys and the Paleys and the Luces—God, didn't you know they were part of it, friendly with the Rockefellers, giving their underlings enough rope here and there to create the illusion of freedom, but ready to pull the reins in tight whenever it looked as though the lads (in their naive enthusiasm for "digging" into a story) were getting too close to the truth. So the media barons, *the captains of industry*, they were all clearly a part of the conspiracy.

Then came the Rockefeller Commission to investigate the CIA, which would also investigate "possible CIA involvement in the assassination of President Kennedy." Not much chance of anything here, of course. For one thing, Nelson Rockefeller was no doubt a part of it all, in the view of many conspiratorialists, who often tend to view the world as a huge, untidy cobweb of relationships, with a Rockefeller sitting at the "nerve center" of the cobweb. And David Belin, a former staff lawyer for the Warren Commission, was counsel to the Rockefeller Commission. How could you expect anyone to accept that?

So the conspiracy continued, and grew larger. Now comes the new congressional investigation by Senator Richard F. Schweiker of Pennsylvania,

who heads a subcommittee of Senator Frank Church's Select Committee to investigate intelligence activities. The Schweiker investigation is still continuing, and one eagerly awaits its conclusions (with, admittedly, a certain sense of premonition as to their fate).

Actually, I have a fellow-feeling for Schweiker, as I am sure Jim Garrison must also. One day I even felt sufficiently curious about his investigation

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to go up to Capitol Hill to talk to one of his aides. In the back of my mind was a certain thought: what if he doesn't come up with anything. . . ? The conspiracy is going to get bigger and bigger, I thought.

Here's what set me off on this. Back in October Schweiker had remarked in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, that the Warren Report is "like a house of cards, it's going to collapse." Now, Garrison had used the very same metaphor, and when I heard Schweiker say it I felt sure that he had been reading *Rush to Judgment*, the *Whitewash* series, and other items in the assassination liturgy. He had clearly become an assassination buff, but my fellow-feeling for the man was based on a belief that he probably did not yet realize what a tough nut the Warren Report was, nor how numerous and *sincere* had been the attempts so far to destroy it.

Mirror Images

Then I read this in the *Village Voice*, and my heart almost missed a beat: "The Kennedy assassination is a mirror-image proposition," Schweiker was quoted as saying. "What makes it so hard to know what happened is that you're struggling to find the real focus in the mirror. And you really need two reversible ones."

Two reversible mirrors! Here's what Garrison had said at the beginning of *his* investigation: "The key to the whole case is through the looking glass. Black is white, white is black. I don't want to be cryptic, but that's the way it is."

I figured Schweiker was in trouble. He was staying up late, probably barricading himself in bed with the Warren Report's 26 volumes, underlining, dog-earing pages, threading through the maze, turning back, worrying, never quite arriving at the center, at that *House of Cards*. . . .

I talked to Troy Gustavson, Schweiker's aide. It took me back in time to see some of the Warren Commission volumes lined up on a shelf, and one or two of those old assassination books, no doubt being busily thumbed and rethumbed. No, Troy Gustavson told me, they're not giving out the names of people they are calling to give depositions. Yes, it will probably all be made public in the long run. Well, you'll have to talk to the subcommittee about all the inter-office memos and so on being released, too. Yes, we'll make a note about trying to get the Marina Oswald and Ruth Paine testimony from the Orleans Parish Grand Jury. Yes, you could say Senator Schweiker has become one of the buffs. He's present for all the depositions—an *unqualified* buff, you could say. Well yes, we're getting to see the classified material in the National Archives, but we can't copy it. Most of this stuff should be declassified, except where there's a *perfectly legitimate* national security interest.

"Look, suppose you don't come up with anything," I said. "You realize what the conspiracy theorists will say?"

Oh no, Gustavson said in effect, although not in these words, *we're the good guys*. He seemed to think the jeering would come from the Warren Commission's supporters. Not a bit of it. I recalled a passage from Robert Sam Anson's book which, I felt, told more than he knew.

"Mark Lane tells the story of a recent appearance at Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana. At the end of his talk he asked the 6,000 students listening to him how many favored a new investigation. Seemingly all the hands in the hall went up. When Lane asked if there were any dissenters a lonely hand appeared. When Lane asked why the dissenter didn't want a new congressional investigation, the student replied: 'I don't trust Congress.' "

There's Schweiker's problem right there.

"What about that statement—the Warren Report will collapse like a house of cards?" I asked Schweiker's aide. "That was four months ago.

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How does he feel about it now?"

He paused and thought for a minute. "I was hoping you wouldn't ask that," he said. "The same assumptions exist today. . . .It's singularly difficult, twelve years after a crime has been committed. . . if we could have gone over it when the trail was fresh. I would say that that statement is now tempered by the realities of what we've seen. But I think he still stands by that."

Mafia Lackey

I think the time has come to say that the Warren Report, in its central conclusions about Oswald and Ruby (both acted alone) will stand up, and that this central core of the report can more aptly be compared to a rock than to a house of cards (and a rock upon which opportunists have foundered).

As I say, most of the new researchers tend to have no idea of the vast amount of inquiry that has already gone into this, nor of the great journalistic triumph it would be for one of the news organizations to establish a conspiracy. Dan Rather sensibly made this point at the end of the recent two-part study by CBS on the Kennedy assassination.

If the investigations continue, and with each new investigation, the new investigators themselves are subsumed into the conspiracy, the conspiracy thus getting larger and larger, I think it will finally become clear that what we are dealing with here is not merely an attack on the Warren Commission; it is an attack on our sanity, an attack mounted, in some instances, by the partly deranged: the half-witted scholars who believe that tiny discrepancies imply a cover-up; by conundrum-puzzlers, flying saucerites, Loch Ness monstrosities, Bermuda triangulators. These are the harmless ones.

There are also those who, I believe, are disingenuous, who know that there is a large and gullible public which finds it hard to sort among the various distortions and concealed half-truths and disguised accusations they are handed.

For the most part, I am sure, the various authors of *The Assassinations: Dallas and Beyond* belong in the former category. It is a collection of material most of which has been previously published. There are some pieces with pretensions to scholarship, although in many instances it is a very biased, distorted, polemical scholarship. The overall effect is to mislead.

The two pieces about the Garrison investigation, for example, could hardly have been worse chosen. William Turner's *Rampart's* article was published before the Shaw trial, and presents Garrison's investigation in positively glowing light. As for Peter Noyes' article "Legacy of Doubt," there is some doubt as to whether he has any grasp of the subject at all. He writes, for instance, that "according to Garrison, one of his critical witnesses was a 25-year-old insurance salesman named Perry Raymond Russo." If Noyes had read an account of the trial, he would know that Russo was, in fact, the key witnesss. What would one make of a Watergate book published after the Ervin hearings in which one read: "According to Sam Ervin, a critical witness was John Dean. . . . "?

With so much good material on the Garrison investigation available—e. g. accounts by James Kirkwood and Edward Jay Epstein—one cannot but suspect that the motive of the editors is deliberately to present slanted material—the "slant" being, again, to hint that Garrison was mixed up with the Mafia and may have been, all along, their lackey.

There is, I suggest, a disingenuous element in some of the recent attacks on the Warren Report, and Robert Sam Anson's book seems to fall into this category. In recent years, what with Watergate and published accounts of wrongdoing by the CIA and the FBI, there has been a spreading distrust of the government, leadership and institutions of the United States. What distresses me about Anson's

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book is that he seems to be making a conscious effort to capitalize on this distrust, and to extend it further to the Kennedy assassination. He says that he only wants to get at the truth, but deep down you get the feeling that his real motive is to undermine the credibility of our institutions still further.

As David Belin has effectively pointed out in a recent issue of the *National Review*, Anson's principal technique is the cover-up—the failure to include most of the evidence that incriminates Lee Harvey Oswald. And he grossly distorts evidence, as Belin shows, in the killing of Officer Tippit and in many other areas.

McCarthy Techniques

Here is another distortion. He describes Abraham Zapruder, who filmed the assassination with an 8 mm. camera. Behind Zapruder, and to his right, was the grassy knoll. Anson writes: "Behind him and to his right, Zapruder heard an awful roar and felt a bullet whistle past his right ear."

But in his testimony before the Warren Commission, Zapruder merely said that the shots sounded as though they came from behind him; he said nothing about feeling a bullet whistling past his ear.

Here is another example, illustrating how the techniques currently being used by the Warren Commission critics are reminiscent of the techniques used by Joe McCarthy:

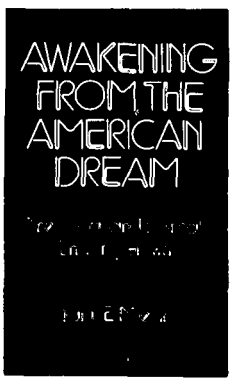
"One way or another, " Anson writes, "all the major figures connected to the assassination are also linked to the Agency and the mob." (These "links" are, in almost every case, established principally by Anson's own wishful thinking, but no matter. Let us see how he proceeds.)

"There is Oswald, the apparent agent, in constant contact with other CIA men, many of whom have their own ties to the mob. . . . One of his close friends in New Orleans is David Ferrie, an identified agent who also works for the mob. Another reported associate is Clay Shaw, like Ferrie an identified agent."

Now, in the first place, neither Garrison, nor anyone else ever established that David Ferrie was a "close friend" of Lee Harvey Oswald. In fact, there is really no evidence that Oswald knew Ferrie at all, and it is my belief that he did not. The FBI did establish that Oswald had been in a Civil Air Patrol unit at approximately the same time as Ferrie was instructing that unit, when Oswald was about 15 years old. But subsequent interviews with other former cadets suggested that Oswald was not in the class at the time Ferrie instructed it, and not one former cadet could recall that Ferrie and Oswald knew one another. Ferrie himself denied knowing Oswald.

At the Clay Shaw trial, Perry Raymond Russo, who *did* know Ferrie, testified that Ferrie had known one "Leon" Oswald, but when asked to repeat this testimony in federal court after Clay Shaw was acquitted, Russo took the Fifth Amendment. As a

Forewarned is forearmed



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result of this and other evidence (or, rather, lack thereof), I am convinced that Ferrie and Oswald never knew one another.

But this doesn't bother Anson. He wants to link Oswald to the CIA, and he is willing to use Ferrie and Clay Shaw to do it, even though he has already insinuated that Garrison's investigation was "disinformation" designed to sabotage the conspiracy seekers. (Logic is not Anson's strong suit.)

But what about Ferrie and Shaw having been "identified" as agents? This was certainly news to me. Garrison had confidently *asserted* this, of course, but he never had any evidence. Anson, in a footnote, says that this comes from a "telephone interview with Victor Marchetti, June 25, 1975." Along with John Marks, Marchetti is the author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*. I called up Marchetti to find out how he got hold of the information that Shaw and Ferrie were "agents."

He told me that a few years ago the then-CIA director Richard Helms used to hold morning meetings, and "this was back during the Garrison trial, and the Director expressed a great deal of concern regarding the trial. 'How are they doing down there?' he would ask. Just half sentences. Cryptic. I wasn't interested in the Kennedy assassination then, so I didn't pay much attention. But later, when I got interested, I remembered. Back and forth three or four times this went on. 'How are they doing?' One day after about the fifth time I asked the director's executive assistant, why this interest? I was given the story that Clay Shaw had had some agency contact. Years back. And guys like Ferrie had been engaged in the Bay of Pigs and they didn't want this kind of thing surfacing. At this time I was a storm trooper, remember, so I didn't say anything about it."

"Would any of the other people there corroborate this?" I asked.

"No," said Marchetti, "because they're liars. They're professional intelligence people, and by definition professional intelligence people are liars. They would deny it."

By definition, also, then, we have an allegation that logically cannot be refuted. Either they confirm it, in which case they are telling the truth, or they deny it, in which case they are lying. This is the McCarthy technique: the allegation which cannot be refuted.

Sly Nudges

Both Clay Shaw and David Ferrie are now dead, so they cannot defend themselves against the allegations, and there is no independent corroboration of the charge. Moreover, an extensive investigation of Ferrie and Shaw failed to provide any evidence to support the charge, which is made by Victor Marchetti, who is known to be motivated by animus against the CIA. Furthermore, Marchetti failed to include this interesting "information" (disinformation?) in his book attacking the CIA.

Consider, also, Anson's chapter on Jack Ruby, which typifies his technique. Ruby was a nightclub owner in Dallas with numerous friends in the Dallas police department, and with underworld connections, too; this was hardly unusual for a nightclub owner in Dallas. Ruby went to Cuba briefly in 1959 and considered opening a casino there. The Warren Commission did a thorough job of investigating Ruby's rather unedifying background and associations, but could find no evidence suggesting a conspiracy. In fact, the details of the timing of Ruby's arrival in the basement where he shot Oswald made it all but impossible that he was in collusion with anyone.

What Anson does is to present Ruby's unsavory connections in such a way as to hint, suggest, slyly nudge the reader in the ribs. . . . that there must have been more to this because Ruby knew all these underworld types, all these *suspicious* people. And there were all these coincidences. And

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Alskog Inc.

Back in 1966, some Warren Commission critics cast doubt on the authenticity of the above picture of Lee Harvey Oswald, taken by his wife Marina in his backyard in Dallas eight months before the assassination. Critics suggested that the shadows on Oswald's face and on the ground did not look right.

In response to this criticism, Lawrence Schiller and Richard Warren Lewis, the authors of *The Scavengers and Critics of the Warren Report*, returned to the same location and photographed John Cappell there, on March 30, 1967. Photographs were taken with a Polaroid camera to ensure that no internegatives were used, and five witnesses signed statements asserting that the shutter on the camera was clicked only once.

In 1975, however, Anson published the picture of Oswald once again, raising some of the same criticisms (and one or two new ones), without any mention of the Schiller photograph. He says that "the conclusion some critics of the Warren Commission reach is that the pictures are forgeries, with Oswald's head cropped atop another man's body." The theory here seems to be that if a lie is told often enough, people will eventually believe it.

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so on. Meanwhile, it takes a certain mental alertness to realize, finally, that Anson himself comes up with no evidence at all linking any of these hoodlums from Ruby's past to the assassination or to the shooting of Oswald.

A Matter of 30 Seconds

In fact, even some assassination conspiracy theorists don't believe there was anything more than met the eye to the Ruby episode. I remember Josiah Thompson, the author of *Six Seconds in Dallas*, telling me, after spending a good deal of time with members of the Dallas police in the course of his investigation into the assassination, that the Dallas police force was so leak-prone in its relations with the press that there was just no way they could have conspired with Ruby to let him into the basement without someone talking about it.

Less than two weeks before he died, as Anson must know but does not tell his readers, Ruby was interviewed by his brother, with his two sisters present, in his hospital room in Dallas. Ruby was dying of cancer, and knew he was dying, and so had nothing to lose or gain. A tape recorder was hidden inside a briefcase, and Ruby and his brother spoke Yiddish, so the guard from the county sheriff's office did not know what was going on. The 14-minute tape was released, and Ruby reiterated that there had been no conspiracy, he had not known Oswald, no one had told him that Oswald was about to be moved from the basement, and, as Ruby reflected, if he hadn't taken an illegal turn as he drove downtown, "I would never have met this fate, because the difference in meeting this fate was 30 seconds one way or the other."

Anson gives us, instead, a chapterful of nudges and insinuations—the overall effect being to make the unwary reader very suspicious of the probity of the government's inquiry. It is very misleading, and, I think, dishonest. Anson knows that the reader has been, as it were, softened up by the Watergate and CIA scandals, and so now he can be dealt this dishonest hand, too, and the reader probably won't know the difference.

"A decade ago," Anson writes, "there was only the gnawing feeling that something was terribly wrong. Today many of the worst suspicions have become fact. Americans now know things about their government that, only a few short years ago, seemed the product of the worst paranoid delusions. Thanks to Vietnam and Watergate and disclosures about the CIA, they realize not only how the government lies, but how it operates. That its intelligence agencies have spied on thousands of citizens, opened their mail, monitored their conversations, probed their private lives; that a secret police agency was created within the walls of the White House. . . . [and today] nothing is impossible, no undertaking unthinkable. Suddenly even the ultimate horror seems possible."

The White Flag

But this does not mean that we should allow our critical standards to be lowered in considering the evidence about the assassination, or in considering some of Anson's absurd theories—e.g. that there were three Oswalds, including a look-alike and an impersonator, based on such frivolous evidence as height discrepancies of an inch or so, or on very unreliable "sightings" of Oswald which Anson chooses to believe when it suits his purpose to do so; or the notion that one can make any progress in "solving" the assassination by finding out who had a "motive" for killing Kennedy. After studying the assassination for a while, I finally came to the conclusion that one could, ultimately, assign such a motive to almost any group in the country, with the possible exception of the Hyannis Civic Improvement Association. Anson, naturally, finds that the CIA and the Mafia had such a motive. This is

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intellectually very cheap stuff.

There were, of course, defects to the Warren Commission's investigation—defects which Edward Jay Epstein spelled out as effectively as anyone in his book *Inquest*. The investigation was rushed to completion before the 1964 election, and it is undoubtedly true to say that the Commission did not pursue some leads very vigorously—notably the alarming possibility that Oswald, at some point, either before, during, or after his visit to Russia, might have had some minor connection with an intelligence agency. And, admittedly, it remains a bare possibility that such a connection could still be revealed; this, surely, is Schweiker's opening. Secondly, as both Anson and others in the assassination field have told us over and over, government wrongdoing has been a reality in recent years. We are therefore supposed to put these two points together in our minds in some way—Warren Commission sloppiness and government wrongdoing—and come up with the conclusion that Kennedy was assassinated by elements within his own government. We seem to be expected to lower our critical standards to do this.

Disturbingly enough, there seems to have been a kind of intellectual degradation in some quarters recently, which not only permits but even seems to encourage this dismal thinking. Seven or eight years ago, Kennedy assassination sensation-mongers had to deal with an intellectual community which acted as a countervailing force against which, one hoped, only the truth could prevail.

Today, some sectors of this community seem to be waving the white flag of surrender. What are we to think, for instance, when David Anderson, who is an editor of the *New York Times* magazine, is not restrained, in reviewing Anson's book, from making the following remarkably misleading comment in the *New York Times Book Review*: "It adds up to a powerful piece of journalistic scholarship that can only prove helpful to a confused public."

What is one to think when *Power Shift*, a work of almost fathomless vulgarity by Kirkpatrick Sale, discusses the Kennedy assassination in such terms as "*Cui bono* Dallas? A confluence of forces, including organized crime (especially its Southern branch), the defense industry (especially its Texas components), the oil industry... the Far Right... and beyond doubt Lyndon Johnson, the 36th President of the United States," and the book is favorably reviewed on the front cover of the *Times Book Review*. Not only that, it is subsequently "plugged" week after week by the *Book Review* in its "Editor's Choice" section.

What is one to think when an article by Milton Viorst outlines a vague, woolly, paranoid CIA-Mafia-Kennedy assassination theory reminiscent of Anson's, and Viorst, it turns out, is not some college sophomore but the chairman of the board of directors of the Fund for Investigative Journalism?

Even Treason

By how much have our critical standards become untuned when Tom Wicker, an associate editor of *The New York Times*, announces the platform of his favorite unannounced candidate for President—someone who would look into the following questions: How did Ford get to be President? What were the circumstances of the Nixon pardon? And what were the circumstances of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy?

Further investigations into these matters are needed, Wicker believes, "because so much doubt exists in the public mind in each case; and because, until these doubts are substantially laid to rest, lurid suspicions of cover-up, collusion, conspiracy, corruption—even treason—will continue to poison political life and limit confidence in the integrity of government." And, one senses Mr. Wicker

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might have added, because he has rather enjoyed what one English newspaper recently called the open disarray of American public life, and he's afraid that it might be coming to an end.

Well, let the investigations continue. Good luck to Senator Schweiker. But let us not, at the same time, allow our critical faculties to be swept aside just because confidence in government is low, or because the Warren Commission performed, in some respects, carelessly. Its central conclusions are not necessarily impugned by these circumstances. And in fact it is highly suggestive that its central conclusions—that Oswald and Ruby acted alone—have stood up under so much scrutiny and so much attack. What this suggests is not that the commissions and officials and news organizations that have carried out these investigations in turn became a part of the conspiracy, but, quite simply, that the central conclusions are true, however unpalatable this may be to those who would like to use the Kennedy assassination to further undermine the credibility of our institutions.

Run It Down the Flagpole

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the unfolding and apparently never-ending Kennedy assassination saga is that the subject does seem to attract those individuals—and there seem to be more and more of them every year—who give every impression of being driven by a markedly destructive urge: the Allard Lowensteins, the Tom Wickers, the Mark Lanes, the Robert Sam Ansons. Why has this tendency become so noticeable recently? At first, superficially, it may appear to be nothing more than a desire to avoid seeming naive. The recent Pentagon Papers-Watergate-CIA Age of the Expose has had the effect of making persistent belief in *any* "official" explanation seem like childish gullibility.

But there is more to it than this. *Time* magazine and *Newsweek* no doubt don't want to seem naive, either, and yet they have consistently repudiated a Kennedy assassination conspiracy (and commendably so, in view of the pressures they are under to "play up" to public opinion), as have the news departments of *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*; and it is certainly folly to even hint that such news organizations, which would gladly get rid of a President, would demur at exposing the fate of another.

It is more than a fear of seeming naive. There is an actual hostility, a burning rage, a desire to take the offensive against the status quo no matter what, even a willingness, if necessary, to chop off the branch one is resting on.

Why is this? A careful and detailed examination of this phenomenon might be worth undertaking, although, lest this seem like a call for one more investigation, perhaps it might be prudent to add that this examination could well be left to the psychiatrists, and confined to the privacy of their offices. Considering the matter further, one is finally forced to the conclusion that there are, in any society, a good many individuals who naturally have, or who later mysteriously develop, a strong anti-authoritarian bias—a bias against *any* order, *any* institution, *any* stability, *any* society.

But it is only in our society (the one they rail against) that these individuals are given such freedom and such platforms from which to proclaim their views. Anti-authoritarians no doubt exist in Russia, too, but we are not likely to hear from them. But here they are encouraged to speak up, and the climate of opinion recently has been such as to permit a confusion between these negative anti-authoritarians and those who have more constructively exposed wrongdoing. The disingenuous conspiratorialist has encouraged this confusion, and the unprecedented freedom within the society he so deplores has been his principal ally. ■

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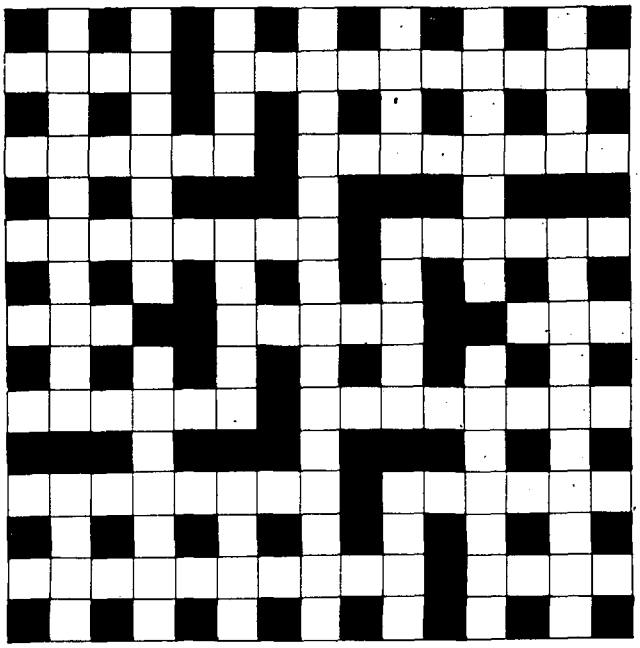
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

8. Reorganized spot for Washington organ. (4)
9. Tense drips can be made into leaders. (10)
10. To demonstrate, take a little company in the night before. (6)
11. DOD construction site from yarn Davy spins. (4, 4)
12. Crude nut cracked to produce tennis stroke. (8)
14. Kind of force kiters to regroup. (6)
16. On top in the swing. (3)
17. Campaign focus on query about Susan? (5)
18. Economic measure in middle of campaign posters. (3)
21. What I earn once I'm different. (6)
22. *Homo sapiens* in alien environment? (8)
23. $.50 change may be left on a football team? (8)
26. Pay attention to melted snow? (6)
27. Where rejected candidate goes after cocktails here and dinner there? (5, 5)
28. Subdivision drawing? (4)

Down

1. Quadrennial custom? (10)
2. Steamer and presumer. (7)
3. Peas strewn in church. (4)
4. Party follows what confused token-keeper says. (7, 8)
5. Sophisticated weapon gives edge up on Roman five. (4)
6. Worn key arranged to take in 1 Down. (3, 4)
7. Performer selected from the arts. (4)
13. Violation in the *dernier cri*, methinks. (5)
14. Use reams to produce vile political attack. (5)
15. A scanty ski arranged to take in 1 Down. (6, 4)
19. What weekend sportsmen use legs for. (7)
20. Go back and forth to confuse the slut. (7)
24. Henry I in ace bandage will be hurt. (4)
25. Pals mill around in Switzerland. (4)
26. They're against any shaken Southern beginner. (4)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. *Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 37.*

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Intimidation and Power: Games Losers Play

by David Ignatius

"Indeed I live in the dark ages," wrote Bertolt Brecht, and after perusing some of the new bestsellers on power and intimidation, I am inclined to agree with him. To save you the trouble of actually reading these dreadful books, I have prepared a condensed, multi-purpose power and intimidation manual.

Do you worry whether you are a "winner" or a "loser?" If so, Dr. Howard M. Newburger and Marjorie Lee, authors of *Winners and Losers*,* have devised a true-false test. Here are some questions: "I wish I were someone else; Yes, No." "I watch TV a lot; Yes, No." "I feel at least one Other has really screwed me up; Yes, No." "I suffer from minor ailments (colds, headaches, etc.); Yes, No." "I have plans for the future; Yes, No." Now circle the answers which bother you. If you have circled any yes or no answers, you are a "loser." Take the test again in a week. "Already this fantastic new approach has made countless converts. Now you can join them in discovering how easy it can be to lose crippling hang-ups and to experience the exciting joys of winning at everything. . . . "

Perhaps you find yourself selling real estate, like Robert Ringer, author of *Winning Through Intimidation*.* Remember to carry around a little card with the following poem on it:

*David McKay, 1974.

David Ignatius is and editor of The Washington Monthly.

*Los Angeles Publishing Co., 1974.

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Diana H. Walker

With a written agreement
You have a prayer
With a verbal agreement
You have nothing but air.

This will remind you to obtain a written agreement specifying your commission, so that you will "GET PAID," which is rule number 5 of how to be a real estate salesman.

Here's another tip: The way to intimidate someone in the beginning stage of a real-estate deal is to send him a $5 hard-cover calling card which has a picture of the earth on the front, a telescopic view of metropolitan Chicago on the first page and the following words on the inside front cover:

Earth
To Life. . . Support
To the Explorer. . . A Base
To the Wise. . . An Investment

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Nostrils, Watches, and Shoes

For ambitious executives, who wish to combine ruthlessness with a certain sense of style, here is some useful information from Michael Korda's *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It.* *

Large nostrils are "a good sign of power in both people and horses."

At a meeting, try to sit with your back to the window. That way, when people wish to speak to you, they will have to look into the light. This will make them uncomfortable and enhance your power. Also, when speaking to old people, lower your voice. This may convince them that they are going deaf.

Facial power problems include: "licking the lips and biting them, any twitch of the mouth, particularly at the corners, blinking and excessive eye movement (EEM). . . .It is possible to prevent involuntary twitching at the corners of the mouth by applying Xylocaine anesthetic ointment before an important meeting, but the effect is temporary, and if too much ointment is used, the lips become numb and speech is slurred. . . ."

Corner offices are more powerful than those in the middle of the corridor. Always go for the corner office.

Feigning illness is often a good power tactic, since it arouses considerable sympathy, but "a broken leg. . . is not only troublesome to fake—all that plaster—but is generally taken as a sign of good health and sporting enthusiasm. It evokes no sympathy. Tuberculosis and the social and contagious diseases are also out. . . . "

Electronic calculators are "out," too. Yellow legal pads are "in." So are IBM Selectric II typewriters with Bookface Academic type. As for watches, "the status watch is still the old Cartier tank watch, with one of those Cartier hinged gold buckles that is almost invisible except to the connoisseur, who *knows*."

Finally, on the subject of "foot power": "One thing is basic: power people have their shoes polished, or do it themselves. In all shoe-wearing cultures, and in every age, a dirty shoe is a sign of weakness."

Grinding Teeth

Winning Through Intimidation has now sold 250,000 copies. The somewhat slicker aggression manual, Michael Korda's *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It*, has sold 115,000. These are just hardback sales; neither book has come out in paper yet. What this means is that there will soon be, at a minimum, half a million Americans engaged in earnest study of how to be a shit.

Casual empiricism suggests that the number of practitioners of the new toughness techniques is far higher. In my office, hardly a day passes without a telephone caller demanding money or attention in the rudest, most overbearing manner (and sounding immensely pleased with himself if you tell him so); or without some talentless author camping in the office (with his back to the window, if possible), tirelessly promoting the merits of a manuscript with a title like "The Federal Home Loan Bank Board—Another Watergate?"; or without countless strangers attempting to crush the tiny bones of my hand in affirmative greeting. Even away from work there is no respite. At cocktail parties these days, you can almost hear the teeth grinding. How do I look? How many people are coming to talk to me? Are they impressed by what I do? Are they afraid of me? Who's the most powerful person in the room? How can I make his acquaintance? Are my shoes shined?

These secret fears may be petty, but versions of them seem to dominate the thoughts of those who already have power—our Presidents and Secretaries of State, our union bosses, our celebrity-journalists and our corporate executives—no less than they

*Random House, 1975.

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do those of the poor jerks on the bottom who want to take their places. *Time* magazine reports, for example, that sales of *Winning Through Intimidation* are especially brisk at the Globe Bookstore in Washington, which caters to White House staffers.

Power anxiety is universal, because the attributes of the "power personality" are so nebulous and the process of dominance such a mystery. Everybody (most of all White House staffers) knows examples of people who seem ordinary in every respect except one: they have *something*, a presence, an aura, a way of speaking, which generates fear, trust, warmth—and ultimately, power over others. Perhaps someday we will all walk around in gunny sacks, with our IQ scores stenciled above the eyeholes. But until then, the way we carry ourselves will continue to shape our life chances—insuring a continuing market for power and intimidation books.

'Howtoism'

"Making It" is one of our most venerable cultural themes, and the new tough books can be considered in the context of a well-established literary genre. The field was ably surveyed by Dwight Macdonald in a 1954 *New Yorker* article entitled, "Howtoism." Macdonald analyzed some of the 3,500 books which had been collected by a New York City librarian in a 200-page bibliography, *How-to-Do-It Books: A Selected Guide*. Many of these were rather specialized how-to's, on the order of *The Baton: Twirling Made Easy!* or *How to Make a "Stradivarius" Violin*. But the largest and most interesting category were the "success" how-to's, in which the author presented a simple philosophy of life, usually emphasizing the fundamental importance of making a great deal of money.

In his summary of early success literature, Macdonald noted the contribution of Benjamin Franklin—probably the Aristotle of how-to authors—in such works as *The Art of Making Money Plenty, In Every Man's Pocket; To a Young Man—How to Choose a Mistress*; and *Way to Wealth*. Thanks to the spread of literacy, the writing of such books had itself become a way of making money by the mid-19th century. Macdonald found that *The Royal Path of Life; or Aims and Aids to Success and Happiness*, published in 1876 by Thomas L. Haines and Levi W. Yaggy, sold nearly a million copies; and that Francis C. Haddock's 1907 how-to, *Power of Will* sold 750,000.

Positive Thinking

From his vantage in the 1950s, Macdonald thought he detected "an interesting shift from the 'success' book to the 'inspirational.' The former persists but is read only by the most consecrated salesmen, the most ambitious young tycoons. The general public—its economic worries and competitive zeal relaxed by a generation of prosperity. . . is less interested in success than in peace of mind."

Macdonald surely had in mind *The Power of Positive Thinking*, which had been published two years before his essay appeared. This "inspirational" classic by the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale taught a generation of failures that the way to success was to mumble positive things about Man and God. To get the flavor of Reverend Peale's method, consider several of his basic "Positive Thinking" rules:

Rule 5. "Ten times a day repeat these dynamic words, 'If God be *for* us, who can be *against* us?' Stop reading and repeat them NOW slowly and confidently."

Rule 8. "Make a true estimate of your own ability, then raise it 10 percent. . . . "

Rule 9. "Put yourself in God's hands. To do that simply state, 'I am in God's hands. . . . ' "

(Reverend Peale was very big on lists, as are most "success" authors. Some of Peale's other lists in *The*

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Power of Positive Thinking: Ten Ways to Stop Worrying, Eight Ways to Stay Healthy, Twelve Ways to Avoid Anger, Ten Ways to Get People to Like You, Seven Ways to Have New Thoughts.)

Peale's book is a gem—the ultimate in hucksterism. He managed to weave his advice about how to screw the other guy and get to the top (for that is *of course* the true subject of his book and the reason why it has sold over two million copies) with Christian theology, which, in its usual versions, goes to some pains to argue that the rewards of this life, all things considered, are not worth the trouble. But never mind, Peale managed it. In the process he made much money and (he doubtless believes) stacked up a huge pile of chips outside the Pearly Gates. (The Penultimate Paragraph of *The Power of Positive Thinking*: "I wrote this book out of a sincere desire to help you. It will give me the greatest happiness to know that the book has helped you. I have absolute confidence and belief in the principles and methods outlined in this volume . . . God will help you—so believe and live successfully.")

This sort of thing just won't do any more. We live in a new age of secularism, cynicism, and all that; we also live in the midst of the most discouraging economic climate since the Great Depression. In an ever-expanding economy, it was possible to believe that "Positive Thinking" would bring automatic success. Now, in the depression of the 1970s, there are a lot of desperate men out of jobs. The nostrums of the 1950s go down a bit rough. (One somewhat humorous indication of just how out-of-date Peale's book is can be found on the back cover of the current edition, which prominently displays a testimonial from, of all people, J. Edgar Hoover. "This book," Hoover says, "has furnished me great spiritual strength and peace of mind." I don't know why this hasn't been taken off the cover, but the reader cannot help but imagine a serene J. Edgar clutching *The Power of Positive Thinking* to his heart as he mails off blackmail letters to Martin Luther King.)

No More Mr. Nice-Guy

By the 1970s, the time had clearly come for a new generation of "honest" success books, which treated power and money not as manifestations of God's grace, but as things to be prized for themselves and gained by absolute ruthlessness.

Seizing the historical moment, a combative Robert Ringer opens *Winning Through Intimidation* with a thinly veiled attack on Norman Vincent Peale. "After cutting away the fat," he writes, "the overriding message in many 'success' and 'how to' books is: If a person has a 'positive mental attitude' and works 'hard, long hours,' he will ultimately succeed. The approaches of the authors often border on mysticism rather than reality and logic." Ringer sees his primary task as "shattering. . . myths that have been used to brainwash people for generations. . . .The illusions created by the oftentimes flowery and enthusiastic wording are exciting, but the reality that confronts a man when he goes out into the business-world jungle and gets clawed and kicked is quite another thing."

Lest we take Ringer's iconoclasm too seriously, it is important to note that the new "success" books retain certain basic features of the genre. I found three such characteristics in every book I surveyed—from *Positive Thinking* to *Power!* First, all success books have lists of "rules." Peale, of course, was a fanatical list-maker; but Ringer has, by my count, 16 different "theories," with names like "Uncle George Theory," "Makable Deal Theory," "Fiddle Theory," and "Ice Ball Theory." Even the archly sophisticated Korda condescends to offer in his final chapter four "rules," which he seems to have picked up from a man who lived his life among Eskimos. The reason for the rule-

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making is commercial: they make the book seem like a practical fix-it, an investment in the same way that "Learn to Repair Your Car in Three Easy Lessons" or "Five Ways to Unclog Your Sink" would be.

The second characteristic of these books is that they always seem to include, somewhere, a disclaimer. Ringer's is tucked away on page 97: "Before getting into Section III—wherein I describe the specific techniques I used in applying my philosophy. . . let me first emphasize that these techniques were not only developed specifically for real-estate selling but for a specialized area of real-estate selling. . . . Therefore, it doesn't necessarily follow that the exact same techniques will work for. . . ," etc. I assume that the reason for such disclaimers is to minimize the author's legal liability for the actions of fanatical readers.

The third characteristic shared by all success books is the utter fatuousness of their advice. Despite the realistic tone of the new books, the actual advice they offer—Ringer's five-dollar calling card or Korda's well-shined shoes and corner offices—is no more likely to secure power than the repetition of Peale's Christian homilies. These are the games played by the middle managers, the GS-15s, who are going nowhere, who are losers. The *real* elements of power (things like connections, charm, great wealth, high competence at an uncommon skill) can't be picked up from a book. And even if a real "power person"—a John Connally or a Clark Clifford—could distill the lessons of his life into a manuscript of between 200 and 250 pages, the act of reading it would not in any way correspond to the process which made the powerful person powerful. The real pains and pleasures life—which teach us what we truly know—are irreducible. So the "success" book is, by definition, a con-game. The very most it can teach you is how to maintain the *appearance* of power, which may or may not be a compensation for not really having any.

A Peace Denied

The United States, Vietnam, and the Paris Agreement

By Gareth Porter

In one of the first postwar considerations of American involvement in Vietnam, Porter reveals secret negotiations leading to the Paris Agreement and shows why the Agreement failed to end the war.

416 pages, photos, index **$15.00**

Soviet-Chinese Relations, 1945-1970

By O. B. Borisov and B. T. Koloskov
Edited with an introduction by Vladimir Petrov

This study of Sino-Soviet relations, written by two Soviet experts on China on the basis of extensive research in secret party and government archives, is the officially authorized Soviet version of the conflict.

384 pages, index **$12.50**

Indiana University Press, Tenth and Morton Streets, Bloomington, Indiana 47401

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The distinguishing feature of the new books is their nihilism, and that is what makes them interesting—as documents of the demoralization of our culture.

Korda accurately states the basic assumption common to all of them, namely that life is *absurd*: "All life is a game of power. The object of the game is simple enough: to know what you want and get it." Ringer agrees. Success, he says, came when he began to think of "the earth as a giant poker table upon which the game of business is played, with only a fixed number of chips on the table. Each player gets to participate for an unknown period of time, and the name of the game is for him to see how many of the chips he can pile onto his stack." Ringer even has a theory of absurdity—his "Ice Ball Theory." Named for what the earth will look like when the sun burns out, the Ice Ball Theory holds that "the reality is that there's no way you're going to get out of this thing alive, anyway, so why play a conservative game."

Lowered Expectations

There is an intriguing paradox here, avoided by the authors, who retreat from the existential brink with their lists of power rules in hand. If life *is* just a game of screw your buddy—if it's all really *that* meaningless, in other words—then why in the world should anyone care about achieving *anything*? The crass Ringer gives the most honest answer. In an absurd world, the best substitute for meaning is pleasure—in particular, the pleasure of intimidating others on your way to the "top." Korda says the same thing, but in language that reads like a badly translated French novel of the inter-war period. ("We have no alternative to present apotheosis; stripped of our uniqueness as human beings by Darwin, exposed to our own inadequacies by Freud, compelled to live with the knowledge of our immense potential for violence and irrationality by history itself, we are left to fabricate our own subsitute for immortality. Power. . . is all we have left.")

Because he is *so* crass, and so totally American in his crassness, Ringer comes across as something of an anti-hero. There is a perverse love in this country for the guy who can sell the Brooklyn Bridge, and Ringer calls forth a bit of it. There is, unfortunately, nothing at all lovable about poor Korda, who suffers from an English public-school/Oxford education without the usual compensating features of whimsy, irony, and perversion. Let us, charitably, say nothing more about Korda or his book and instead focus our attention on Ringer.

Some weeks ago I spoke to Ringer on the telephone. He has now made well over a million dollars on his book ("It did as well as I expected. . . . ") and is understandably convinced that his good fortune illustrates the truth of his success techniques. He says that he is at work on another book ("I consider myself a philosopher. I intend to write many books. . . . ") which will have "far greater impact." It apparently will be a political book—in an odd way, in fact, it sounds like a manifesto. The chapters he described each seem to express a facet of what is today politely called the politics of "lowered expectations." "I don't believe in government at all," Ringer confided. "I don't vote. I haven't voted in years. The whole system is *absurd*. . . . As long as we go on jerking each other off, believing we're doing things for each other, asking not what our country can do for us but what we can do for our country, we'll be intimidated—by the government, by our friends, by the church, by society."

While somewhat extreme, this is a clear statement of an important tendency in our political culture, and I have a feeling that we ought to take Robert Ringer seriously, as one of the few representative figures of the 1970s.

Winning Through Intimidation can,

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in fact, be read as a modern *Bildungsroman*—a novel of one man's education about life and society. The narrator of the tale is a chastened, embittered salesman, who has passed through his education at what he calls "Screw U." and learned that no matter what anyone tells you, no matter what ideals he may profess, all he really wants from you are your "chips." The narrator has discovered that the world can be divided into three types: those who are totally ruthless and make no effort to hide it; those who are totally ruthless but pretend they are not, to trick you into letting down your guard; and those who are not ruthless by nature, but will still grab for your chips if they have to.

The narrator confesses that he was not always so cynical. "Like most everyone else," he writes, "I too went through all of the normal idealistic phases. For many years I accepted the traditional brainwashing of society and confused the way I would have liked things to be with the way they really were. . . . I did one good deed after another—concentrating on the other person's best interest—naively believing that my good deeds would be appreciated and that I'd be commensurately rewarded. At best I ended up with a handful of air; at worst I got a slap in the face."

A Period Piece

If this book had actually been a novel called *The Education of Robert Ringer*, several critical comments would be in order. First, a reviewer would observe that the author has chosen a good theme—perhaps the most reliably successful theme in the history of English and American fiction: the story of a bright, decent young man with his head full of fluff, who gets battered about in the world until—illusions shattered—he begins to take up the weapons of the world to protect himself. This is a theme that everyone can read with some understanding and empathy.

Unfortunately, the reviewer would continue, there are a number of serious problems. For starters, the actions of the narrator are not very well-motivated. The injuries to his pride and income described in the book seem rather trivial, and it is not clear what it was that drove him to reject morality, faith, trust, honesty, and all the other values that mark civilized life. (The primary setback seems to have come on a real estate deal in St. Louis, where he earned a commission of only $20,000 instead of the $200,000 he expected.) To put it bluntly, he seems a somewhat precious barbarian: a well-favored product of the American middle class who found himself in a bit of difficulty and decided, petulantly, that life is nasty, brutish and short—and that intimidation was his only salvation.

In this sense, the book is a marvellous period piece, perfectly shaped by the extreme disillusionment of a particular time and place. It will survive as a reminder of that moment—and of the poverty of imagination and, sometimes, the meanness of thought, that settled over the country as it struggled, like the narrator of the book, to come to terms with its first real experience of failure.

Yet, for some strange reason, at the close of the book the narrator's tone is smug. He writes on the last page: "Oops! Gotta be running along now. . . . Maybe I'll be seeing you around the jungle from time to time and we might even have a go at a game of intimidation together." He seems not to realize that the tale he is telling is a tragedy.

In its usual versions, the novel of education ends with the hero—clothed at last in the impenetrable armor of cynicism and power—achieving success in the terms of the world, but a tragic failure by any other definition. For a brutal world has destroyed all his finer qualities, leaving him with useless, contemptible success. Toughness is all. This may ultimately be our plight. It certainly is Robert Ringer's. But it seems odd to rejoice about it. ■

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Putting the Sex Back Into Rape

by Taylor Branch

I spent the better part of a week mulling over Susan Brownmiller's bestseller on rape, *Against Our Will.** To my considerable surprise, I decided the book was well worth the time. Readings of her previous work led me to expect little of the author, for she is a veteran of so many of the wind-blown movements that have passed and left little but philosophical embarrassment. I have long since grown weary of the procession of cosmic revelations. Each of them went off like an ideological geyser, but each could be seen quickly as a doomed attempt to transform, by rhetorical hyperbole, what should be tolerated into an ideal, or to make some standard outrage into the key to all history. I assumed it would be so with Brownmiller, and I approached her book with a heavy sense of duty, even duress—much as I might a new manuscript from Herbert Marcuse or Ti-Grace Atkinson.

Unlike many radical authors, Brownmiller hitched her passion to the drudgery of scholarship. She apparently read everything there is to read on the subject of rape—in literature, ancient parchments, fables, diaries, FBI reports, academic studies, war records, and in the treatises of our great thinkers. As the fruit of this labor, she offers the reader a truly astounding collection of tales. We read of rape in all forms and eras—from the book of Genesis to the confessions of

*Simon & Schuster, 1975.

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Bluebeard, from the crimes of Zeus and King Arthur's Round Table to the saga of Jack the Ripper. Reading her book is like climbing into a time machine programmed for sexual violence. All through history, we drop in on moments of violated privacy. We listen to the victims, and we hear the bizarre interpretations of the legal authorities. We hear St. Augustine declare, for example, that the legendary rape of the Sabine women was unjust because it occurred *before* the war at issue—not after it, as demanded by the laws of war.

We learn that in ancient times, if the men of Clan A raped the women of Clan B, the accepted path to justice was for the men of Clan B to rape the women of Clan A and to kill the men on the side. It is unclear what succor this brought to the women, and the contest was at least partly a political one among the men. (Brownmiller takes this as the model for all jurisprudence about rape: even when later kings established laws by which rapists were mutilated and executed, she sees no desire to do right by women, only evidence of a male desire to protect property rights to women by discouraging meddlesome activity by rapists.) We learn that 19th century congressional committees issued sensational reports on the rape of white women by Indians, reports which were used to inspire further cavalry slaughter of Indians. We see the redoubtable old Molotov issuing his "Molotov Note," on the rape of Russian women by Germans, and we see European pamphlets on how the same Jewish women were raped by their successive captors and liberators alike. We see the contribution of modern technology to rape-prostitution—how the French Army invented the handy mobile field brothel (*Bordel Mobile de Campagne*), one of which was captured in the famous battle of Dienbienphu. (The *Bordel* is reported to have suffered a direct hit during the siege, but to have kept on functioning.) And we see how Brownmiller herself—even after many of the grisliest testimonials on the details of rape-murders and women whose vaginas were stuffed with grease guns or logs or broken glass—writing about rape in a tone of subdued discovery bordering on whimsy, as in her account of the Trojan War:

"Homer's *Iliad* describes the Trojan War as the attempt by Menelaus of Sparta to recapture Helen, who had been stolen by Paris along with her treasure. The face that launched a thousand ships was the ultimate prize. Since Helen was a queen, she lived as wife of Paris during her stay in Troy. Lesser women fared less advantageously during the war. The Trojan Chryseis was captured by the Spartans and allotted to Agamemnon as his concubine of the battle camp, and her father had to enlist the god Apollo to help reclaim her. Agamemnon angrily sought compensation for the loss of Chryseis by seizing Briseis, a slave-concubine that his warrior Achilles had won. Achilles responded by sulking in his tent and refusing to fight, and the Spartan cause began to suffer. Agamemnon was forced to make a delicate settlement for unity. He ceremoniously returned Briseis to Achilles, along with the following carefully enumerated loot from his treasure hut: seven tripods, twenty cauldrons, twelve horses, ten talents of gold and seven craftswomen. Briseis held out hope that Achilles might marry her after this elaborate negotiated settlement, but the warrior didn't. The battle-camp arrangements suited him fine."

Through sheer force of example, Brownmiller elevates the position of rape in the landscape of human affairs. It truly has been everywhere. But it is not so much the regularity or the quantity of rape that is striking. It is the everlasting potency of rape as a symbol, rallying cry, and jungle drum of politics. It casts spells far beyond its importance on a feminist scale of crime. Recent American history abounds with instances of rape as a cultural lightning rod. Why was it that the first great campaign against capital

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punishment was organized around the long death watch for Caryl Chessman, a multiple rapist? Or that the groundwork for the civil rights movement was laid on the sensational cases of Emmett Till and Mack Charles Parker, Southern blacks who were lynched on suspicion of rape? What explains the grip of Albert De Salvo's legend as the Boston Strangler? Within the last six months, the front pages were dominated for a stretch by the Joanne Little trial. Was she raped or did she murder? What excused what? Seasoned observers strained to be reasonable, which produced a reasonable doubt about Little's guilt—just as there would probably have been reasonable doubt if the jailer had lived to be tried for rape. The more avidly readers speculated about what really happened in the jail cell, the more prominently their emotions were displayed. There is no question that peoples' views on rape have always been guided by strange rudders in the gut.

Brownmiller's examples invite discovery. They demonstrate that rape carries a compelling interest in areas far beyond crime and punishment, evoking much more insight into human nature than one would expect. Still, I do not believe that her own ideas are profound. I suspect that her book will come to be justly regarded as an impressive historical compendium—and the author herself as the first great librarian of rape. I think it was once said of a volume on sex and history that one should read everything within quotation marks and forget the rest, and I was tempted to say the same thing here—to say that she did not write a book *about* rape so much as a book to *use* rape for her feminism, and that she shortchanged both the subject and feminism in the process. I recommend reading her own argument mainly because of the signs that she came to rise above it and to see that her thesis is too small for the vastness of rape. Occasionally, she breaks out of the feminist crankshaft into a tone of wise bemusement, and her conclusions on what to do about criminal rape are remarkably sound. But these interpretive sensibilities are hidden in the midst of familiar Hail Sister effusions, continuous oozings of yellow bile toward all men, and her final remarks on how she went to the self-defense class and discovered the joy of learning how to kick men in the balls, the cause of it all. If her feminist ideology, the grit in her liver, sustained her through four years of productive scholarship, it also placed severe limits on her understanding.

A Primeval War

Like Locke or Rousseau, she begins the book with her description of the State of Nature. (This is a sure sign of theoretical ambitions.) Actually, her vision is close to the nasty one of Hobbes. She sees primitive man grunting dumbly on the discovery that he has the power to rape, and primitive woman struggling vainly but gallantly against the horror. "In the violent landscape inhabited by primitive woman and man," she writes, "some woman somewhere had a prescient vision of her right to her own physical integrity, and in my mind's eye I can picture her fighting like hell to preserve it." Overwhelmed by superior strength, the earliest women were bombarded with rape until they saw fit to make a desperate deal. They would sell their bodies to particular men in return for protection from the rest: "The earliest form of permanent, protective conjugal relationship, the accommodation called mating that we now know as marriage, appears to have been institutionalized by the male's forcible abduction and rape of the female." From this point, the author's framework falls into place. The crux of the relationship between the sexes is a primeval war declared by the men, and marriage is the contract of surrender. For men, this war is wholly and fundamentally political—motivated by a universal desire to make women into property (a Marxist motif). Brownmiller asserts that there

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is a searing contempt for women at the core of what she calls "the male psyche," which produces an overarching "male ideology of rape." This is the engine of sexual history. It is political in origin, violent in deed, and essentially mechanical in spirit—the collective male psyche seems to need rape pretty much the way a car needs gasoline. All through the book, Brownmiller argues that the typical rapist is not the celebrated psychopath with pimples, but a fairly normal male with some sort of hair-trigger on his instincts. Moreover, she says, the actual rapists serve as *representatives* of men in general, shock troops of the overall subjugation effort. Rapists do the dirty work, but it is to all men that "the lasting benefits of their simple-minded evil have always accrued."

Now this is an extremely narrow prism through which to view the history of the sexes, and it leads the author into trouble. Her definition of rape makes it difficult to encompass the phenomenon of homosexual male rape, for example. She can only offer the dubious proposition that it is not motivated at all by sexual need, since masturbation would be easier and "more natural." Generally, she believes that it involves a transference of the contempt for women on to the victimized men. Female homosexual rape gets even shorter shrift as a concept, written off as a minute "imitative rape ideology among females." The Brownmiller terms of rape are so straight-jacketed and political that they lead to embarrassing gaps whenever she ventures out of the war's trenches. Consider one of her musings on fear: "When I have stood, almost mesmerized, on my Fourteenth Street subway platform and watched a gang of youths methodically assault a gum machine for its pennies—in escalation of a dare—I could only think *That could be my body*." This kind of fear is genuine and piercing, but there is no way to link the vandalism to rape under the

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rules of the Brownmiller state of nature. We could do so if she offered some general motivation for violence and larceny that would apply to both crimes. All we get, however, is the male ideology's contempt for women. As a result, we do not know why young boys (or girls) rifle subway pennies (or start wars), and of course Brownmiller does not posit a male ideology of gum machines.

Mobilizing Outrage

The author bumps into the narrow limits of her definitions frequently in the book, and I believe she does so because of her insistence on such a robot-like interpretation of male psychology. Men rape out of political hatred, she maintains, and furthermore they are *rewarded* for it, like miners ripping gold from the earth. Brownmiller sees the crime as political plunder, and she goes out of her way to assert that rape has nothing to do with sexual emotions of any kind. There are strategic reasons at play here. She knows that in questions of rape the slightest introduction of a sexual element has always worked against the interests of women. If people see, or fantasize, a sexual glimmer in the heart of a woman who complains of rape, she falls prey to an ancient disadvantage. The old snickerings emerge about how she had it coming and wanted to be raped anyway. And when people see the male rapist as a person afflicted with terrible sexual frustrations, they are more inclined to blame things on the system or sympathize with his urges: boys will be boys, etc. Rape lies at the intersection of sex and violence, which accounts for its power over our minds, but the campaign against rape has always been aided by circumstances and arguments that push toward violence, away from sex.

Given Brownmiller's laudable purpose of mobilizing outrage against rape, it makes sense that she wages a constant campaign against all interpretations involving sex. She pronounces dogmatically that women do not have fantasies of being raped (or "ravished," as it is usually called in male descriptions of such reveries). And she goes on to state that men have not "allowed" women to indulge their positive sex fantasies, whereas men have relished the female rape fantasy as an invitation to lust. As usual, the author makes justifiable sport of men's labored thoughts on this subject, but her own position becomes rather tortured in the process. She calls for a flowering of sexual poetry by women, while denying that they can have a fleeting moment of imaginary rape. Clearly, she does not entertain the possible existence of the female rape fantasy because to do so would have the practical effect of weakening the cause.

As for men, Brownmiller tries to drive a wedge between rape and the sexual urge. It cannot be the sexual outlet, she says, since masturbation is so perfectly suited to such relief—it is cleaner, faster, more honest. Rape is not needed for sex, and therefore it arises from other needs—i.e. the need to heap up political treasure by looking down on women in the most graphic way. Occasionally, Brownmiller presses this view to ludicrous extremes. She dismisses sex as a partial motive for rape in Vietnam, for example, by citing the testimony of an ideal GI. "This stuff about not being able to live without sex is nonsense," he says. "What I dreamed about was food and medicine." This is an absurdly antiseptic view of the mental interior of any person, man or woman, and it is particularly absurd when applied to the teenage boys and young men whom Brownmiller identifies as the prototypical rapists. (She discusses FBI reports showing that 61 per cent of all rapes are committed by men under the age of 25, and notes that other studies put the figure even higher. The 15-19-year-old age group is most prone to rape.) If my own experience is at all representative, there is a lot of strange sexual gurgling during the prime rape

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years for men, and boys seem to go through a stage of what seems like perpetual erection. It begins in high school, with anxious moments of concealment and many awkward poses to take advantage of books, doors, and other visual barriers. The condition persists on through the teens and begins to fade in the twenties. While it is patently unjust to use this puzzling affliction to excuse or explain rape, it is simply wrong to argue that it is not even marginally related.

Anatomical Opportunism

The book contains a great deal on the penis, especially in sections devoted to Freud's theories on "penis envy" and other related mystiques. Freud and his disciples toyed with this idea like hominids pawing over the newly discovered stick, and Brownmiller does a good job of deflating the Freudian concept of the inherent power in the penis—the voodoo awe it strikes in women to create the passive female sexuality. She sees the penis more neutrally for her purposes as one of the two physical realities that make standard rape possible. The other is force—through weapons, allies, or simply overwhelming strength. Because of an "accident of biology," men have always possessed both of the functional requirements for rape while women have possessed neither. (One can do a lot of speculating about what life would be like if the two requirements had been parcelled out evenly so as to negate each other—if women were much stronger than men, or if the shapes of genitalia were somehow reversed.) For Brownmiller, the male body's structural suitability for rape tells most of the tale. "When men discovered that they could rape," she writes, "they proceeded to do it." The male body and the old male ideology of rape provide everything Brownmiller needs to understand *why* men rape. She says it just comes naturally.

Certainly the very capacity to do something may supply part of the inclination, as in mountain climbing, but not all of it. There must be something very weird going on inside rapists. Brownmiller does not probe this murky world; she assumes it to be simple. She conveys the image of an unextraordinary, self-assured man, counting up the rewards he derives from the terror of his victim. I do not know very much about the psychology of rapists, but I believe that there is something much more desperate and depraved about them. And also sexual. There are walls between any two people of any kind, and they are always partly and deeply sexual. They may be melted a little, and they may also be kicked, reinforced, and played with in hopelessly complex ways. Young people grow up acutely aware of them. Boys are usually told vaguely that they will learn about such things when they are older, and girls are usually told that magic will alight on them one moment. By and large, the walls are still there when they are adults—shaped and remolded in thousands of ways they are not even aware of. You can see the private, insecure space of many people on the street at a glance. There are famous scenes in the movies when a character, carefully portrayed as formal and insecure, "accidently" opens up to someone else. There is a moment of truth, emotion, and surprise when the other character responds. The music swells. A friendship is bonded or love is born. In real life, there are more occasions when vulnerable people meet stone walls. Then they adjust their own walls to be bolder, more withdrawn, more calculating, more aggressive, and so on. People play roles to put the best possible faces on their walls, and they play games with each other.

All this is nothing but a halting foray into one brand of elementary psychology. My point is that it is absurd to think of rape as a non-emotional act on the part of the rapist, and that it is also absurd to think of the emotion as non-sexual. Sex is big enough and complicated enough to accommodate the kinky thrills and the monumental hostility

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and the gut-rending fear of rape all at once. Brownmiller wants to convince us that it is possible for a husband to rape his wife. She also wants to convince us that neon-light prostitution and spread-assed pornography are depraved first cousins to rape. I agree on all these points. They are all emotionally and conceptually related, matters of degree. But I think Brownmiller has turned incredible mental cartwheels (within her own walls) to argue that none of these is sexual. She sees the continuum in politics: they are all male-dominated practices, revealing a hostile, instrumental view of women. But on this continuum from rape to pornography, there is also loneliness, self-hatred, and a desperate sexual tension. You can broaden the concept of rape as much as you like, but not without widening the emotional scope into new worlds. If you look at rape broadly as a humiliating sexual subordination of one person by another, then untold numbers of husbands are raping their wives every night—along with wives raping their husbands, and lovers raping lovers, and raping brothers, and raping would-be lovers, and so on. "Civilized" rape takes place down in the subtle pits where most people live. "Uncivilized" rape touches deep nerve endings that most people keep in the unconscious. For me, as a man, they fired off as I read and watched the homosexual rape scene in *Deliverance*—when the most terrifyingly evil and ugly man I had ever seen assaulted the city slicker in the woods. I would have murdered the rapist if I could have. He seemed simultaneously as large as all fear and as inhuman as a cockroach. Brownmiller points out that women live much more closely with such fears, and she views all male gutter attitudes with retaliatory anger: "Today a sexual remark on the street causes within me a fleeting but murderous rage." The emotions on both sides of all rape, from the suburban bedroom to the dark ghetto corner, are as wide and deep as life itself—and her political theory floats over this panorama like a paper airplane. ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in March.

Adlai Stevenson of Illinois. John Bartlow Martin. Doubleday, $15. This is a mammoth book, but if you're a Stevenson fan, you won't be bored one minute. One surprise: Adlai was a womanizer, too.

Alger Hiss: The True Story. John Cabot Smith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $15.

An American First: John T. Flynn and the America First Committee. Michele Flynn Stenehjem. Arlington House, $8.95.

The Assassinations: Dallas and Beyond—A Guide to Cover-ups and Investigations. Peter Dale Scott, Paul H. Hoch, Russell Statler, eds. Random House/Vintage, $15/5.95. See Tom Bethell's review, "Earl Warren: On the Mob's Payroll?" in this issue.

Born Again. Charles Colson. Chosen Books, $8.95.

Canada and the United States: Transnational and Transgovernmental Relations. Annette Baker Fox, et al. Columbia, $22.50/$6.95.

Children of the Counterculture. John Rothchild, Susan Wolf. Doubleday, $7.95. John Rothchild set off from Miami in a Volkswagon bus with Susan Wolf and her children Chauncey and Bernsie to take a look at the counterculture. "We left Miami as two progressive, aware parents who had once been married and didn't have to do that anymore," Rothchild writes, "who were raising Chauncey and Bernsie in a much more open and aware manner than our parents had raised us. We certainly didn't expect to learn anything from the alternative people we wanted to visit—we already let Chauncey and Bernsie puff on the joints being passed around and we already had to warn them not to say 'motherfucker' at Disneyland. And we couldn't think of a more radical thing than that."

There's a feeling that John Rothchild and Susan Wolf may have really made the trip to find out if they really were bringing up their children in a "more open and aware" manner than they themselves had been, or whether they were merely the gullible dupes of one more deception emanating from the counter-culture. By the end of the book, they're still not quite sure, or so it seems.

Another problem: the grownups in this book are much more interesting than the children—upon whom the book unfortunately is focused. Too much. Perhaps the Victorians were right. Perhaps they should be seen and not heard. Not heard *of*, anyway. Not quite so much.

The Communist Movement: From Comintern to Cominform. Fernando Claudin. Monthly Review, $27.

Crooked Road: A History of the Alaska Highway. David A Remley. McGraw-Hill, $9.95.

Discriminating Against Discrimination: Preferential Admissions and the DeFunis Case. Robert M. O'Neil. Indiana Univ. Press, $10.95. Here we have a detailed study of the lawsuit brought by Marco DeFunis against the University of Washington when he was denied admission to their law school while less qualified minority applicants were admitted. The case reached the Supreme Court but was declared moot, as DeFunis had been subsequently admitted. Although the author's conclusion (that special admissions procedures are justified to remedy the present under-representation of black and Spanish-speaking minorities) is certainly debatable, O'Neil is to be commended for undertaking such a thorough study of so important an issue.

Economists at Bay: Why the Experts Will Never Solve Your Problems. Robert Lekachman. McGraw-Hill, $8.95.

FBI. Sanford J. Ungar. Atlantic-Little Brown, $14.95. A rational, readable description of the house that Hoover built.

The Future. Gerald Leinwald, ed. Pocket Books, $1.95.

How Real Is Real? Confusion, Disinformation, Communication. Paul Watzlawick. Random House, $10.

The Invisible Primary. Arthur T. Hadley. Prentice-Hall, $10.95.

The Joyless Economy. Tibor Scitovsky. Oxford, $11.95.

Madam Secretary: Frances Perkins. George Martin. Houghton Mifflin, $17.50.

A Man Called Intrepid: The Secret War. William Stevenson. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95. A badly written book by an author whose major gift seems to be a

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mastery of the *non sequitur*. Still, like last year's *Bodyguard of Lies*, this book is valuable in its reminder that we do need some kinds of intelligence activity and our aim should be to reform, not abolish, the CIA and the other intelligence agencies.

Media Access: Your Right to Express Your Views on Radio and Television. Andrew Shapiro. Little, Brown, $8.95. A guerrilla text, which regards the FCC control of air-wave media as a government-sent opportunity to figure out the legal loopholes, file your complaint, and get your point of view across. "Rights," these days, tend to be more and more viewed as a kind of large public cake, of which everyone should be encouraged to grab as large a share as possible. This appears to be Shapiro's not-entirely-edifying point of departure.

No Thank You, Mr. President. John Herbers. Norton, $7.95. The author was *The New York Times* White House correspondent during the last months of President Nixon and the first months of President Ford. The charm of this memoir is that Herbers, who spent ten years as a UPI reporter in Mississippi, has remained enough of an outsider to see the surreal aspect of the events described. His most vivid memory from the Watergate period is of a dismal trip to Florida that ended with White House staffers having to kick King Timahoe II up the stairs of Air Force One.

Verbal Behavior and Politics

Doris A. Graber. When a politician rails against "Communists in our midst," does he truly intend to draw attention to this presumed threat? Or does he simply want to obtain a column in the newspaper, or a moment on TV, for publicizing his own efforts to his constituents? In a pioneering work which will be required reading for political analysts as well as practicing politicians, Doris Graber develops the subfield of political linguistics as she explores how word and concept choices and verbal strategies and encounters shape political events. 380 pages. LC 75-25830. ISBN 0-252-00262-8. $12.95.

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The Power to Probe: A Study of Congressional Investigations. James Hamilton. Random House, $12.50. A dull but worthy study of congressional investigations by a former Ervin Committee staff member.

Presidential Elections: Strategies of American Electoral Politics. Nelson W. Polsby, Aaron Wildavsky. Scribners, $8.95/4.95.

The Promise of Greatness. Sar A. Levitan, Robert Taggart. Harvard, $15. A closely argued, thick-headed defense of the Great Society social programs.

Public Employee Pension Funds. Robert Tilove. Columbia, $20.

The Radical Center: Middle Americans and the Politics of Alienation. Donald I. Warren. Univ. of Notre Dame Press, $12.95/4.95. Warren here identifies George Wallace's constituency—those middle-class Americans who "feel personally threatened by economic and status insecurity, deeply isolated from the institutions which a re supposed to serve them," but he fails to bring them to life. Instead they are discussed within the dread "parameters" of social science: attitude surveys, programmatic directions, percentiles, questionnaire responses, in-depth analyses.

The Rape of the Great Plains: Northwest America, Cattle and Coal. Ross K. Toole. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $9.95.

The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty. Peter Collier, David Horowitz. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $15.

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The Shadow Government: The Government's Multibillion-Dollar Giveaway of Its Decsion-Making Powers. Daniel Guttman, Barry Willner. Pantheon, $10. An excerpt appeared in the January issue of *The Washington Monthly*.

Urban Terrorism: Theory, Practice and Response. Anthony Burton. Free Press, $12.95.

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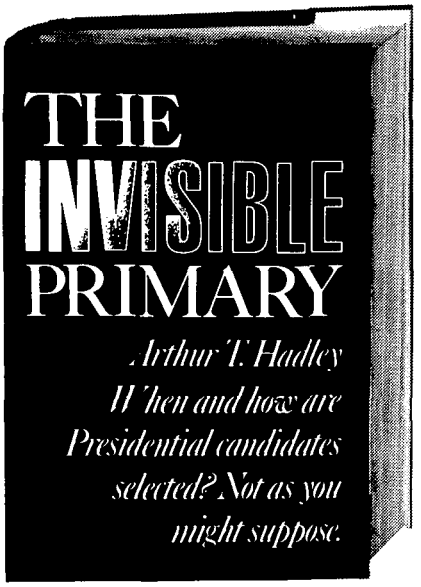

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